

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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EARLY DAYS OF DARWINISM.

READING the interesting chapter contributed by Professor Huxley to that work¹ which at the present moment is in almost everybody's hands, my thoughts irresistibly reverted to the time when the now celebrated doctrine of Natural Selection first became known to me, and to the circumstances which on my part led to an immediate acceptance of it—an acceptance that I believe to have been unqualified by any scruples that then occurred to me, and an acceptance that I have never to my recollection regretted, or hesitated, when occasion required, to declare. The story I have to tell may to some appear impudently egotistical; but others may possibly be able to read it without annoyance on that score, or may even find some satisfaction in being thereby reminded of their own frame of mind when the new doctrine, or theory as it was more modestly called in those days, was first presented to their notice. There is an additional reason why, on being asked to furnish this Magazine with some remarks on the late Mr. Darwin's Life and Letters, I should throw them into the personal form just indicated. These volumes have already been the subject of so many reviews that nearly all their "plums" have been picked out by the Jack Horners

of criticism, and this notwithstanding that one of the best judges of books is said to have pronounced Mr. Francis Darwin's work to be one "to read rather than to review."

It was just about thirty years ago, namely early in the year 1858, when a friend of mine, whom I had formerly joined in investigating the ornithology of Lapland, agreed with me to go to Iceland and carry on there an inquiry of a very special and limited scope. That friend was a man of an exceedingly philosophical turn of mind, and though he had never been called to the bar or graduated as a physician, he had gone through the legal and medical training which would have qualified him to practise either of those professions. He was cut off by an insidious disease before he had the opportunity of establishing a reputation that would have placed him, I believe, among the first naturalists of the age; and a short memoir² very imperfectly sets forth the powers of which he was possessed. Of our inquiry in Iceland I need not say more here than that it was into the supposed recent extinction of a species of bird, and into the causes which had brought about that result.³ The prosecution of the inquiry, how-

¹ The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. 3 vols. London, 1887.

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² Memoir of the late John Wolley (Ibis, 1860, p. 172).

³ Abstract of Mr. J. Wolley's Researches in Iceland respecting the Gare-fowl or Great Auk (Ibis, 1861, p. 374).

ever, required our stay for nearly two months in a fishing-village, which, notwithstanding the kindness we met, was to neither of us a very agreeable place of residence. The country about us was barren even for Iceland, the scenery tame, and, above all, the weather was generally wretched. Life, both animal and vegetable, was scarce, and we had few or no books.

The upshot of this was that, when not actually engaged on our inquiry, we were thrown almost entirely on our own resources to pass the time; and discussions on all manner of subjects arose, whether in our contracted and uncomfortable quarters, or as we were riding or walking over the very desolate "heaths" and lava-streams of the neighbourhood. Both of us taking a keen interest in Natural History, it was but reasonable that a question, which in those days was always coming up wherever two or more naturalists were gathered together, should be continually recurring. That question was, "What is a species?" and connected therewith was the other question, "How did a species begin?"—the last a question all the more naturally arising from the fact that our particular business was to find out how a species had come to an end, or at least was thought to have done so. Now we were of course fairly well acquainted with what had been published on these subjects. We knew the views that had been expressed by Lamarck, and by the then unknown though not unsuspected author of the *Vestiges of Creation*. We knew also how strenuously Sir Charles Lyell and our own Professor Sedgwick had argued against them, and had shown them to be hypotheses with little or nothing to rest upon. In addition to that we had read—at least I certainly had—the interesting but inconclusive little work on the *Variation of Species*, which Mr. Vernon Wollaston (a friend of my friend's) had not long before published; and there was Mr. Darwin's famous *Journal of Researches*, telling of what seemed to be the extraordinary and completely

unaccountable creational activity of which he had found indications in the Galapagos Archipelago, where each island appeared to have its own peculiar species, not found in any of its neighbours. Moreover, in the preceding year, I had visited North America, and while there had been frequently impressed, by hearing of them from the scientific men I met, with the opinions of the late Professor Louis Agassiz, which I had found to be accepted almost everywhere in that country, though, if I am not mistaken, they had few upholders among British botanists or zoologists. Expressed briefly, these opinions were not that each species had had its one Centre of Creation, but that many—perhaps most—species must have been created in several places, at sundry times, and possibly in vast numbers, though not a single act of creation had ever knowingly been witnessed by a human eye. Beyond all this was the uncertainty that beset the definition of a species, which, in the case of Ornithology (the branch of Natural History with which my friend and I more particularly concerned ourselves), had become a thing of almost pressing need, having reference chiefly to the labours of certain continental writers, and especially of the late notorious Dr. C. L. Brehm, who had been at the pains of raising the number of species of European birds from below five hundred, at which most authorities were inclined to reckon it, to one thousand or more, for indeed in each successive publication of his the number had risen higher and higher. It would be useless to indicate the line, even if I could be sure that I remember it, which these frequent discussions took. In a general way I think we used to exhaust ourselves in wonder over some particular cases—the prevalence of blue Foxes in Iceland, the relations between the Red Grouse and the Willow-Grouse, and so forth. Of course we never arrived at anything like a solution of any of these problems, general or special, but we felt very strongly that a solution ought to be

found, and that quickly, if the study of Botany and Zoology was to make any great advance.

Arrived in England, I, on my way home, stopped to visit another friend (then rector of Castle Eden, and now a canon of Durham), who had but lately returned from the first of those journeys of exploration whereby so much light has been thrown on the Natural History of the Holy Land. Before making his pilgrimage thither, Canon Tristram, to give him his present title, had passed two winters and springs in Algeria or Tunis, and had diligently collected specimens in those countries. The consequence was that he had amassed such a series as had never before been seen. Among those that most interested me were the so-called Desert-Forms of various animals, especially reptiles, birds, and mammals. In several groups of each of these classes examples were to be seen of individuals from the desert which differed chiefly or only in coloration from those inhabiting the surrounding country, or the oases which the desert itself surrounded; but then this difference was constant. The most striking examples were presented by the birds, and among the birds by the Larks and the Chats—the last being birds allied to our Wheatear. Generally the inhabitants of the desert took a dull drab, but occasionally a warm or sand-coloured hue, while those which did not dwell in the desert wore a suit of much more decided and variegated tint. Strange to say, moreover, there were a few cases in which the desert-form put on a sooty appearance, though not the deep glossy black seen in birds otherwise similar that frequented the fertile districts. In regard to the drab and sand-coloured birds I was at once reminded of what, in a less degree, I had been shown and told the year before at Washington by the late Professor Baird, who pointed out to me the variations exhibited by examples of the same species of several groups of North-American birds, according as they came from woodland,

prairie, or elevated plain-country, of which there was a very considerable series in the Museum of the Smithsonian Institution.

Among all these there were indications of a similar general law. The woodland examples were the most highly coloured. Those from the prairies were less deeply tinted; while those from the high plains—districts which, from what I heard, seemed to approach in some degree the condition of a desert such as is found in the Old World (Mauritania or Palestine)—exhibited a fainter coloration. Here then was a sign that like causes produced like effects even at the enormous distance which separated the several localities. The effects were plainly visible to the eye; what were the causes? The only explanation offered to me by Professor Baird, so far as I remembered, was that the chemical action of light, uninterrupted by any kind of shade, produced the effect that was patent. With this explanation, though it hardly seemed satisfactory, one was fain to be content.¹

Another exceedingly curious series of specimens, which I had seen partly in Washington and partly in the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, could not be brought under the same ruling. This series began with examples of the common Flicker or golden-winged Woodpecker of Canada and the northern states of the Union.² In the southern parts of the United States, and in Mexico, a very similar and clearly allied species of Woodpecker,³ easily recognised by the brilliant red of some of its parts, had long been known to exist. Now a large series of specimens collected from many localities about the head-waters of the Missouri River showed almost every intermediate

¹ Mr. Gould had already made some remarks to this effect (Proc. Zool. Society, 1855, p. 78). Dr. Gloger's views, long before published, were probably familiar to Professor Baird, but I was wholly ignorant of them.

² *Colaptes auratus* of authors.

³ *Colaptes mexicanus* or *rubricatus*.

stage between the gold-spangled examples of the north and the ruby-tinted of the south. Moreover it was evident that the specimens from almost each valley bore a family likeness, resembling one another more closely than they did either those of any other valley or the normal northern or southern form. The late Mr. Cassin of Philadelphia, a most expert ornithologist, following the theory of Professor Louis Agassiz, was inclined to believe that every one of those valleys had its own peculiar species. Professor Baird, on the contrary, was disposed to hold that these intermediate examples were the result of hybridism between the northern and southern forms, the range of which there inosculated. But neither of these great ornithological authorities felt himself at all at liberty to pass a decided opinion on the point, and of course it was not for me to step in where they feared to tread.

To return however for an instant to the Larks. I ought to say that Mr. Tristram's series showed that, coloration apart, there was much structural variation to be observed; and as regards bill and feet, a complete series of forms could be plainly traced, which, beginning with birds having those features of moderate proportions, ended with those in which they were enormously exaggerated.¹ If one had then thought of looking at the structure of the wings the same thing might have been noticed, but I cannot say that it had then occurred to me to do so.

Not many days after my return home there reached me the part of the *Journal of the Linnean Society* which bears on its cover the date, 20th August, 1858, and contains the papers by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace which were communicated to that Society at its special meeting on the first of July preceding, by Sir Charles Lyell and Dr. (now Sir Joseph) Hooker. I think I had been

away from home the day this publication arrived, and I found it when I came back in the evening. At all events I know that I sat up late that night to read it; and never shall I forget the impression it made upon me. Herein was contained a perfectly simple solution of all the difficulties which had been troubling me for months past. I hardly know whether I at first felt more vexed at the solution not having occurred to me, than pleased that it had been found at all. However, after reading these papers more than once, I went to bed satisfied that a solution had been found. All personal feeling apart, it came to me like the direct revelation of a higher power; and I awoke next morning with the consciousness that there was an end of all the mystery in the simple phrase, "Natural Selection." I am free to confess that in my joy I did not then perceive, and I cannot say when I did begin to perceive, that though my especial puzzles were thus explained, dozens, scores, nay, hundreds of other difficulties lay in the path, which would require an amount of knowledge, to be derived from experiment, observation, and close reasoning, of which I could form no notion, before this key to "the mystery of mysteries" could be said to be perfected; but I was convinced a *vera causa* had been found, and that by its aid one of the greatest secrets of creation was going to be unlocked. I lost no time in drawing the attention of some of my friends, with whom I happened to be at the time in correspondence, to the discovery of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace; and I must acknowledge that I was somewhat disappointed to find that they did not so readily as I had hoped approve of the new theory. In some quarters I failed to attract notice: in others my efforts received only a qualified approval. But I am sure I was not discouraged in consequence; and I never doubted for one moment, then nor since, that here we had one of the grandest

¹ See article "Lark," in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ed. 9, vol. xiv.

discoveries of the age—a discovery all the more grand because it was so simple.¹

First of all, here was an answer, at any rate plausible, to the question, "What is a species?" A species was an assemblage of animals—for, not being a botanist, I may leave plants alone—which were sufficiently alike to be capable of being described in a set formula of words such as is technically called a diagnosis, without reference to their ancestors, to the way in which they had come into existence, or to what sort of appearance their progeny might assume. If this diagnosis were carefully drawn up, it would follow that animals which were so constituted that the diagnosis did not hold good as regards them would have to be considered different species. So far, indeed, this was no great advance on the creed of most of the older naturalists; but it was a real relief to feel that the need of considering other qualities, some of a more or less occult kind or of a kind not easily perceptible, was swept away. A species would be merely that which could be described, or, to use a more learned word, differentiated as a species, and nothing more. Here was an enormous gain to the ordinary working zoologist, who, if he accepted the new theory, need not further trouble himself with recon-dite ideas of what a species was capable.

Next, to apply the theory to some of the particular cases about which our brains had been so much perplexed of late. The theory explained why the Red Grouse in the British Islands did not in winter assume the white plumage which was invariably at that season put on by its congener, the Willow-Grouse, throughout the whole of its range from Norway and Sweden, across the north of Russia and Siberia, to the coast of the Pacific, and again on the other side of that ocean, from Alaska through Canada to Newfoundland. In

all that immense tract of land a Grouse that did not become white in winter would be an object so conspicuous on the six or eight months' snow that it could not possibly maintain its existence against its enemies, any more than a Grouse, if it did turn white, could survive in those parts of the British Islands where the snow does not lie so long on the ground. Again, with the Foxes of Iceland. Owing to the climatic conditions of that island, and chiefly to its discontinuous snow in winter, a blue Fox would not be at the same disadvantage in approaching its prey that one of similar colour would be in Greenland, Lapland, or Siberia, and consequently one could understand why the proportion of Foxes with a coloured pelt was so much larger in Iceland than in those other countries.²

Just in the same way the necessity, one may say, of the Desert-Forms of animals, and especially of birds, was at once perceptible. The Lark or Wheatear with the ordinary plumage of its kind would be far too conspicuous an object on the sandy soil, and it could only make good its existence by adopting a coloration suited to its concealment. But more than this, for indeed the purpose of this protective coloration in all these cases had long before been surmised, the way in which it had been brought about was made known by the new theory. The way was by the gradual elimination of those individuals which conformed the least to the conditions in which they found themselves; while so successfully had conformity been carried on by those which now peopled the deserts that it had led, as I afterwards learned, to the almost total disappearance of every bird-of-prey. All this seemed to be clear on the principle of Natural Selection as regards the drab and sand-coloured Desert-Forms. The presence of the black Desert-Forms was not explained to me until some time

¹ I should add that at this time I had no acquaintance personally or by correspondence with either of the discoverers.

² Of course I refer to the Arctic Fox (*Canis lagopus*). The ordinary Red Fox does not occur in Iceland, nor, so far as I know, does it anywhere assume a white pelt.

later, when Canon Tristram suggested, with what seems to me great plausibility, that they escape the observation and therefore the attack of their enemies by resembling the dark spots in the inequalities of the surface. In "that fierce light which beats upon" the ground and "blackens every blot," the sooty-hued Lark or Wheatear, crouching close at the sight of the passing Hawk, would to its enemy be indistinguishable from "the shadow of a rock in a weary land."

Then, too, the American Woodpeckers. If the theory were true, there must have been a time when all existing species were more generalized. Might not that time for these Woodpeckers be the present? At any rate these variable intermediate forms, occurring on the confines of the range of the two specialized forms—the golden-winged and the ruby-winged—were just what one might expect to find here and there in the animal kingdom where already differentiated forms meet. This case was the more important, for to me it always seemed to answer an objection so commonly raised in those days: "Where," it used to be said, "can you point out a case of variation in course of progress?"¹

But it may be said that, after all, such difficulties as I had now found so easily solved were of a kind almost contemptible and beneath the notice of any but a "species-monger." The new theory of Natural Selection might serve perfectly well to explain how one variety or even race could pass into another: it might even serve to establish a Transmutation of Species, on a low view of species; but was it capable of doing more than this? And especially could the process of almost invisible steps, asserted by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace to be thus continuously going on, be attended by such momentous results and end in pro-

ducing effects so stupendous as those which we now-a-days express by the word Evolution?

That the doubt thus implied was occasionally staggering I do not deny; but I always found that, even if for a time I reeled under it, I could by further reflection recover my balance and resume my position. The consideration which thus enabled me to keep, on the whole, a steady attitude was one furnished by a very small amount of mathematics acquired in earlier days and fortunately yet borne in mind. One has not to go far in the study of algebra before one meets with a theorem in which one finds that certain properties can be proved for certain definite numbers in succession. If an indefinite number be taken, the same property can be proved to exist for the number next to it. Hence mathematicians (those most sceptical of men) conclude that this theorem is universally true. Now, to apply this. The existence of variation, however slight that variation might be, once accepted (and a very moderate amount of experience showed that variation did exist) who could doubt that variation might in certain circumstances go on indefinitely? Whether it would do so or not was another matter; but what naturalist had ever with good reason attempted to set a limit to variation? Until such limitation, or cause for limitation, was shown, I felt I was justified in concluding that variation might go on indefinitely—that variation might extend, as indeed there was some positive evidence of its doing, from coloration to minor points of structure, and from minor to major points. Thus it seemed to me that, if mathematicians were right in admitting the truth of Euler's proof of the Binomial Theorem, I could not be very wrong in accepting the truth of Evolution by means of Natural Selection. When afterwards I came to read Mr. Darwin's *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, the aptness of my application of the mathematical reasoning seemed to be more

¹ To say nothing of other animals, it is now well known that a similar state of things obtains in many groups of birds, as in the genera *Parus* (Titmouse), *Phasianus* (Pheasant), and *Coracias* (Roller).

and more perfect. In those domesticated animals and plants of which the origin was perfectly certain, we had the definite quantities required for the illustration: in the domesticated animals and plants of which the origin was not so certain, we had the indefinite quantities: in the wild animals and plants the unknown quantities. We could prove by experiment that such and such results followed from any next step with regard to our known quantities, and by experiment could prove that similar results followed from the next step with regard to our indefinite quantities. Were we not justified then in concluding that the like results would follow from our unknown quantities?¹

A thought not very dissimilar occurred to me when I came to read the latest of his works, *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms*, wherein he so admirably exemplified the well-known words:

"What great events from little causes spring!"

But to return to those earlier days.

¹ I had often wondered that this obvious illustration had not occurred to Mr. Darwin, in none of whose works have I noticed any allusion to it; but the cause of the omission I did not suspect until I read his *Autobiography*. It was probably due to the fact of his not having made sufficient progress in mathematics to become aware of this simple theorem and its proof. He has told us (vol. i. p. 46): "I attempted mathematics, and even went during the summer of 1828 with a private tutor (a very dull man) to Barmouth, but I got on very slowly. The work was repugnant to me, chiefly from my not being able to see any meaning in the early steps in algebra. This impatience was very foolish, and in after years I have deeply regretted that I did not proceed far enough at least to understand something of the leading principles of mathematics." He goes on to declare that he did not believe he "should ever have succeeded beyond a very low grade." To this belief we may perhaps demur. Under good tuition there seems no reason why he should not have derived as much satisfaction from algebra as he tells us a few pages before (i. p. 33) he did from geometry, and as much delight as when the principle of the vernier was explained to him.

For more than a year after I had read the *Natural-Selection* papers in the *Linnean Society's Journal*, I lived in great comfort of mind. My immediate difficulties had been wholly, I think I may say, solved; and though undoubtedly from time to time others occurred to me, my faith was strong that they would be successfully dissipated on the appearance of Mr. Darwin's promised book, in which the whole subject of *Natural Selection* was to be fully treated. In due time, November, 1859, this book, the ever-celebrated *Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection*, was published. Its contents I devoured and felt happier than ever, for now I began to see that *Natural History* possessed an interest far beyond that which it had entered into my mind to perceive. The palæontological portion alone, brief as it was, was pregnant with meaning for those who could look backward. The generalized forms—parents of generation after generation successively becoming more and more specialized—here dimly outlined, possessed a fascination that was almost overpowering, the more so since the intricacy of the problems therein involved was, even if not answered, by no means shirked, but boldly faced, and the many proofs of the "imperfection of the Geological Record" were delightful; for to me, ignorant as I was (and am) of Geology, the strongest objection to the theory of "Descent with Modification" had seemed to be that which could be drawn from Palæontology, and it was pleasant to see how the force of this objection was reduced when fairly stated. I should be wrong if I said that it then wholly disappeared. Its disappearance was due to discoveries more recent—that of *Archæopteryx* being the first and most notable, while the affiliation of the birds to the Dinosaurs, and the "crowning mercy" of the discovery of the Horse's pedigree, are events of the last few years only. The Darwinian of the present day, instead of looking upon Geology

with suspicion, finds in her one of his firmest allies.

I may mention here that the objection from the supposed sterility of hybrids never seemed to me, as I know it did to some of my friends, very strong. I had fortunately been able some time before to establish the fact, from the experience of one of my brothers and myself, that in one case the first offspring of perfectly distinct species, or (according to some systematists) genera, were *inter se* perfectly fertile,¹ and I could not look on this case as exceptional. Moreover I was perfectly aware, from the same experience, of the difficulty occasionally encountered in inducing the tame-bred pure offspring of a species to propagate in confinement; so that I was quite inclined to believe (as I still do believe) that much of the asserted sterility of hybrids is due to some other cause than the mere fact of their being hybrids, and I have long regretted my inability to make further experiments in this direction, or to induce others more favourably situated to make them.

The various reviews of Mr. Darwin's book which I read (nearly all of them, as is well known, unfavourable to his views) produced little or no effect on me, except to lower my estimate of the general run of critics. The ideas expressed by some were fatuous, by others distinctly false. The most violent were those who knew least of the subject; and there was one notable case in which a distinguished man was found who could not even make sense of the "brief" with which he had been furnished by a learned authority who ought to have known better. This was the more remarkable because, a few days before the review appeared in print, not only its substance but much of its phraseology had been heard by me and others to issue from the eloquent lips of the late Bishop Wilberforce in the ever-memorable discussion at the meeting of the British

Association at Oxford. It is fortunate for the reputation of some of the speakers that no accurate report of that discussion seems to exist. I do not profess to remember the words used by Professor Huxley in his reply to the taunting but nonsensical question of the bishop, but I well remember its withering effect; and from that moment there was no doubt which side would eventually win its way in public favour—not of course that such a consideration would for a moment weigh with a reasonable man. The scene of the conflict was very impressive—the passive features of the learned gentleman from New York, Dr. Draper, whose "paper" (a long-winded and dull essay, read from a ponderous volume of manuscript resting on a massive desk) was the nominal cause of the discussion, but whose remarks were scarcely referred to by any speaker in the course of it: the comic attempts of the President of the Section, Professor Henslow, to see justice done upon, as well as to, his old pupil and friend: the pathetic earnestness, unsupported of course by a single argument, with which Admiral Fitz-Roy, Darwin's former captain and shipmate, deprecated any share in the flagitious opinions lately promulgated by the whilom naturalist of the Beagle: the ardour which, equally to the surprise as to the delight of the crowded audience, showed that scientific men like the Dr. Hooker and the "young Mr. Lubbock" of those days could be ready in debate. Only one of those who had a place on the platform seemed to be dissatisfied with the part he was playing; and I was not alone in thinking that this might chiefly be because the solution of the mystery which his writings show him to have been long seeking to penetrate had not fallen to him. One of the egregious announcements which he then had the temerity to make or repeat must have caused him regret some months afterwards when its fallacy was exposed by his rival; but of that I need say nothing more

¹ Proceedings of the Zoological Society, 1860, p. 338.

here. On the whole it seemed to be a drawn battle, for both sides stuck to their guns.¹ It was very different two years after when the hostile forces were again arrayed at Cambridge. Then the Anti-Darwinians were smitten along the whole line, and their rout was evident to all.

Thus passed on the time. One by one I found most of my naturalist friends gradually coming to regard Darwinism as a true creed. Some few remain still without the pale. I honour their adherence to the ancient form of faith, for in nearly all cases I know it to be sincere; but I am at a loss to understand their position now that so much new light has been thrown on the most obscure questions by recent discoveries, and especially those which are the result of the much-extended study of Embryology and the shooting up of an almost new branch of science. I have watched the rise and progress of Morphology with the same kind of interest that may be excited in the mind of a lame man who watches a

skating-party or a cricket-match, even though he can take no active share in the amusement; for I am too old to go to school again even under the tuition of my most brilliant pupils, and the new biological learning must be begun at the beginning.

Whether this presumptuously personal narrative be worth a recapitulation I hardly know; but it will be seen that my ready and unflinching adherence to Darwinism arose from my finding it to supply an explanation of all the difficulties which I had encountered in an honest attempt to understand the causes of a limited number of observed facts—facts that, taken alone, were exceedingly trivial, and yet incapable, as I then believed and have ever since found, of explanation on any other hypothesis. Moreover, infinitesimally small as were these observed facts when compared with the majestic grandeur of Nature, they led me, fortunately aided by an equally small portion of mathematical knowledge, to a conception and interpretation of that grandeur which I believe that I otherwise could not have reached. If a moral be wanting it is that hardly any observation of the processes of Nature should be despised, however humble it may seem; but that such observation, to be useful and intelligible, must be accompanied by reflection, which can only be ensured by study of a very different kind.

ALFRED NEWTON.

¹ The fact, as I believe it to be, is not mentioned in Mr. Darwin's Life; but the principal discussion, which took place on Saturday, June 30th, 1860, was adjourned until the following Monday. In the time which intervened some arrangement was, I suppose, made by the leading men of the Association to let drop the matter, which had excited such strong feelings. At all events the discussion was not renewed; a wise termination, no doubt, but disappointing to a good many besides myself.

MR. KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.¹

A YEAR or two ago Professor Seeley, replying to the toast of The Literature of the United Kingdom at the Literary Fund dinner, delivered an elaborate address on the absence of perfection in form among modern English writings. Whilst I was listening to the speech, there crept over my mind a conviction, which has gathered strength the more I have thought over the matter since then, that Mr. Seeley in that Jeremiad had not merely exaggerated his statement but had reversed the facts. An age to which Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Froude, Mr. Matthew Arnold speak, I had almost said sing, may be under influences bad or good, false or true; but to say that, whatever the defects of the work of each of those men may be, the form of their literary product is defective, seems to me simply mistaken criticism and false analysis. Nor would it, I believe, be difficult to show that the three cases I have chosen are typical of the general characteristics of the literature of our time. Our guides are much less sure of what they mean than those of our fathers were: they are much more careful of the manner in which they express what they have to say, such as it is.

One is almost forced into these reflections by the very appearance, still more by the perusal, of the two volumes with which Mr. Kinglake completes the colossal monument he has raised to the memory of—a fraction of the Crimean Campaign. Where and when has writing been more

polished and repolished? where and when has the file been more carefully applied? where and when has the Horatian rule been observed with a more exaggerated deference? For after all, when one realises to the full the anxious endeavour which Mr. Kinglake has used to collate all possible evidence for his facts, to listen to all sides of questions that have already almost “fallen dead,” to perfect and complete each logical position that he takes up, one yet feels that it has not been in the work of producing, or even of seeming to produce impartial history, that all this care has been expended.

Whether the writing of impartial history is a thing possible, whether it is even desirable, may be perhaps an open question. Mr. Kinglake at all events does not in the least disguise from us that he loathed, and loathes, the Emperor Louis Napoleon and all his works; that he despised, and presumably despises, Marshal Canrobert; that he had, and has, a very decided dislike to Sir George Brown; that he has a kind of humorous appreciation of the bluff Pélissier; and though he cautiously avoids any attempt to exalt his proper hero into a great general, he makes us feel the profound admiration which the stately courtesy and happy tact of the high-minded Englishman who commanded our army, a Tory of the Tories, won from the ultra-Radical Member of Parliament who closely watched him then, and, though he himself has passed through such changes as thirty years bring with them, loves his memory now. To every one who writes the Crimean story, no matter of what nation he may be, so long as he has any eye for measuring the moral stature of men, Todleben, as a man, stands out as the

¹ The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin and an Account of its Progress Down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By A. W. Kinglake. Vol. VII.—From the Morrow of Inkermann to the Fall of Canrobert. Vol. VIII.—From the Opening of Pélissier's command to the Death of Lord Raglan. Edinburgh and London. 1887.

central figure. There is nothing therefore peculiar in the fact that, in the two volumes which have just appeared, dealing as they do with the very period of Todleben's most successful work, though not with that of his most masterly decisions, the Colonel of Engineers should tower over all his compatriots and over all his opponents. Nevertheless it may be doubted whether the full effect of all that Todleben did had ever till now been brought so clearly before the eyes of men. Here at least the subject was worthy of the pains bestowed by the careful sculptor, and the effect is what it deserved to be.

One sometimes wonders whether, if these later volumes could have been written by the Mr. Kinglake of 1854, their tone would have been what it is now. I have spoken of the effect which the personality of Lord Raglan has manifestly exercised upon Mr. Kinglake's mind; but the force, the influence, the power which Mr. Kinglake ascribes to his hero is by no means only that of a man of personally commanding presence influencing other men by his self-possession and his great character. It is quite as much the influence of a man, by habit, by training, by social position, accustomed to exercise and to be worthy of authority. In the gloomiest period of the siege, when the French army had reached a stage of the deepest depression, when Canrobert had completely sunk under it, so that he could not even in the common councils of the allies refrain from giving expression to his despair, Mr. Kinglake records the contrast:

"It is," he says, "amongst men ground down to a state of what the French call equality that panic revels and spreads. The greater the diversity of character, sentiment, habit, and social station between any two men in council the abler will one of them be to allay the other's despondency. "In those times of trial" Lord Raglan "ceased to be equal with other men. Without dissembling facts he would calmly withhold his assent to all gloomy apprehensions, and manfully force attention to the special business in hand, and thus, or rather perhaps by a kind of power that cannot be traced or

described in words, he threw upon those who conversed with him the spell of his own undaunted nature. Men went to him anxious and perturbed; they came away firm."

I quote this passage, part of which is taken by Mr. Kinglake from the words of a personal friend of Lord Raglan, because it seems to me typical of at least one very distinctive characteristic of Mr. Kinglake's power as a writer in dealing with the men he describes. We none of us can forget certain epithets of Carlyle, "the sea-green incorruptible" and the like. The outward presentment of his characters, very often by the force of caricature and of iteration, are stamped on English minds in a way that probably hardly any other *dramatis personæ* but Shakespeare's are stamped on them. Mr. Kinglake, at least in these later volumes, hardly attempts to force upon us any impression we do not choose to carry away. He describes with the utmost care and with much graphic force the outward appearance of the men whose actions he records, but he gives them once and for all. We have not even repetitions here such as "Marshal St. Arnaud, formerly Jacques le Roi." A notable instance is the carefully drawn sketch of Pélissier with which the concluding volume opens:

"This short, thick-set, resolute Norman had passed his sixtieth year; but the grey, the fast-whitening hair that capped his powerful head, and marked the inroads of Time, wore a strange, wore an alien look, as though utterly out of true fellowship with the keen, fiery vehement eyes, with the still dark and heavy moustache, with all the imperious features that glowed or seemed to be glowing in the prime or fierce mid-day of life. His mighty bull-neck, strongly built upon broad, massive shoulders, gave promise of hard, bloody fights, gave warning of angry moods, and even of furious outbursts."

It is an admirable pen-and-ink sketch. As you read it you can picture the man to yourself—as he stood among his soldiers, or entered the council-chamber of the allies, or received the mischievous despatches of his sovereign. But if you want to

have the details of the man's appearance before you, you must recur to the picture again and again. It is not through an effort to press details on you, such as you get in Carlyle's letters, of almost all his contemporaries cut out of stone with a tool dipped in vinegar, that Mr. Kinglake's characters make their mark. You feel throughout his work the impression left on him by living men whom he has known, some of whom he hates, some of whom he loves and admires, but to all of whom he introduces you as a friend introduces you to an acquaintance of his whom, whether for good or ill, he knows well.

In this way and in this sense Mr. Kinglake's men, as he has introduced them to us, seem to me to have more that is human and realisable about them than those of any other of our historians. He has not, among those who played the chief parts, any men to describe whose influence on the world has been very great. It is only in the sense in which George Eliot says, "The times are great; what time is not?" that at first sight one can feel the theme to have been worthy of such pains. Mr. Kinglake himself says that there was a period when Todleben's success seemed so pronounced, and the progress of the besiegers so slow, that men began to look upon the siege of Sebastopol as a kind of siege of Troy, destined to last its ten years at least. In many respects, even as the case stands, the comparison seems not inappropriate. It is a siege which was representative of the contest of forces altogether out of proportion to the direct result attained and the time spent over it. If this story lives it will be due to the power of the artist: Homer, and not his own deeds, will have given immortality to the Crimean Agamemnon. Yet England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia ranged against Russia, represented a power on either side which ought at least to have been the equivalent of the forces employed in the campaigns of 1866 or 1870. Every one now talks as

if the wars of Prussia against Austria, or of France against Germany, were so great that the Crimean contest sinks into insignificance. Yet Russia at least put forth the full power she could exert; and even if with the allies it was mainly a question of expenditure, it is well to remember that during that first terrible winter we could not feed the men we had landed, and that therefore no additional numbers would have been of any service to us.

Mr. Kinglake has in his earlier volumes shown that for the fact that we could not feed our soldiers, and therefore could not employ for the first winter larger numbers, one man, Sir Charles Trevelyan, was directly responsible. It was his decision, and no one else's, which forbade the purchase of the necessary forage. He did it, as all such things are done, from well-intentioned ignorance of what he was really doing. A strange system gave him such authority as relieved him of all nominal responsibility. But actual authority and moral responsibility can never be divorced. Had Sir Charles Trevelyan chosen to sign a paper which he had full authority and power to sign, the men who starved in the Crimea would not have starved, and we could in that case have increased their numbers.

It is by measuring the power which Russia exercised in Europe prior to 1854 that we realise how great the struggle really was. The power ultimately employed against Russia was greater than hers, and forced her to bend to it. Therefore in estimating the real importance of the theme it is useless to reckon the numbers of men engaged, and to judge of the Crimean war as if the sum totals of the combatants fixed the nature of the forces employed on both sides.

In 1870 it was France that struggled against Germany. If a new contest for Elsass-Lothringen is to arise it will be again a struggle between the same mighty opposites. Yet, as Sir Charles Dilke has recently shown with

admirable force and clearness, the numbers of men which can now be placed on the French frontier by Germany are just tenfold those which in 1870 France could put in the field. France has similarly been developing her fighting power. The change in the character of the struggle of the armies thus foreshadowed is portentous enough. But behind the armies in each instance stand the nations, and the deep interest of the struggle lies in that fact. So, in the Crimea, the struggle of the allies was against the whole strength which could there be exerted by the mighty empire which had struck down Napoleon in the zenith of his power as the master and the conqueror of Europe. Therefore, to one who looks a little below the surface, the theme does not seem unworthy of any pains that has been bestowed on it. All the hosts of Germany would not in the Crimea, against the will of France or England, enable her even now to use such power as was there employed in 1854. What Mr. Kinglake has here worked out for us, in volume after volume as they have come out, is no mere record of a fight in which, to take the period immediately preceding that covered by these later volumes, just before Inkerman, sixty-five thousand English and French troops represented the whole might on land in the Crimea of the two monarchies; while all the forces which Russia could there gather were one hundred and twenty thousand men. All the circumstances of the Crimean campaign, its very failures, the passionate interest in it of the whole English people, their earnest determination to find out where mistakes had been made, the peculiar effect of the Times newspaper on the war, on the nation, on the commanders, on the army, the descent of the ladies and their marvellous effect in saving the lives of the men and so adding force to the armies in the field, the continued victories of small numbers over large, the siege without investment, without numerical superiority, the

slow bleeding of Russia, the death of the great Czar under the consciousness of hopeless failure,—all these and many other features peculiar to the war give to it a dramatic interest rare even amid the struggles of such mighty powers. And yet on the whole, so confused, so conflicting, so varied were the incidents, so ponderous had been the efforts made by successive committees and commissions to sift out the truth, that over all the story there had gathered a kind of mirage or desert-haze, distorting the true proportions and making it most difficult, even where the truth and the lesson to be derived from it were in reality most certain, to distinguish the dust that rises up and is lightly laid again from the solid facts of value for all time.

It seems to me that the great merit of Mr. Kinglake has been that, despite the elaborate finish of his details, his purpose and design everywhere has been to make them subordinate to the bringing out of the solid and substantial whole, to show how here as elsewhere those laws which are not of to-day nor yesterday have asserted their supremacy.

It is, as I think, because of this permanent quality that, to those of us who are most deeply interested in the questions of 1888, Mr. Kinglake's last volumes come as a welcome gift, touching so closely on the very issues of the day that it seems to us for the moment that hardly in any year since 1855 could they have been more valuable. There are not a few of his words that will seem as if they had been written of design to enlighten Englishmen as to the part which it most behoves their country to play at the present hour; still more there are, both in these concluding volumes and in those earlier ones to which one may hope that these will again direct attention, lessons of the most profound interest as to the perennial dangers, the perennial strength, and the perennial weakness of England. How largely false impressions of the in-

ferences to be drawn from the Crimean campaign threaten to affect our policy at present, it will be easy to show before I conclude. How much, besides correcting those false impressions, Mr. Kinglake has to teach us, I may also be able to suggest. But it will be convenient first to trace the story as he tells it.

The earlier volumes had revealed the Crimean campaign to the end of the battle of Inkerman. But between the story of the battle of Inkerman itself, which occupies the fifth volume, and the story to be told in these volumes, there is interposed an account of the difficulties of the first Crimean winter, due to sickness, starvation, bitter cold and damp, against none of which any adequate provision had been made. This occupies the sixth volume, which was published seven years ago. It covers a period of time which, at least in part of the investigation necessary, extends beyond the end of the war, and goes back at least to the first days of the Crimean invasion. It therefore in part covers the same period as that occupied by the seventh and eighth volumes, which, though they complete the record of one period of time, represent each rather a particular subject than a particular section of the siege between date and date.

The subject of the seventh volume is, in fact, the effect on the war of the mission to the Crimea of Marshal Niel. Canrobert, who from the time of the death of Marshal St. Arnaud commanded the French army, though he has always had the reputation of being one of the most personally brave of men, appears to have lacked the moral courage for the command of an army in the field. The Emperor Louis Napoleon, on the other hand, always imagined himself a great general, and was thirsting for the opportunity to appear before the world as such, if only he could obtain the chance without running the risk of failure. Steadily therefore he gathered in the neighbourhood of Constantinople large

reinforcements for his troops in the Crimea, with which he designed himself to land in the course of the spring and to take command of the whole French army. The miseries which both English and French armies endured during the winter, the long weary work of the trenches, the apparent uselessness of the successive victories as long as the Russians were able securely to replenish their supplies both of men and materials, seem to have suggested the opportunity for just such a *coup de théâtre* as the Emperor desired. If only, landing with fresh forces in the Crimea, lavishly pouring in supplies of all kinds that should restore comfort and health to his unfortunate army, he could, as his uncle had done in 1815, appear among his soldiers "with the violets in the spring," he might, by defeating the Russian army in the open field, cut off Sebastopol for the first time from the resources of Russia, and, trusting to the overwhelming materials for bombardment which would in the meantime have been accumulated, might bring the siege to a rapid conclusion. It was a tempting chance. To make the contrast as sharp as possible between the previous darkness and the brilliancy of the transformation scene blazing upon the eyes of astonished Europe at the touch of the magician's wand, it was necessary to ensure that no great success should be achieved before the wand was waved. For this purpose Niel was despatched to the Crimea. It is because of this scheme that Mr. Kinglake describes the French army as, throughout all these months, "an army in waiting," an army, that is, dancing attendance on an emperor and prepared for a court-ceremonial. It would, however, be absurd to suppose that, though Niel and Canrobert were warm personal adherents of the Emperor, they would have committed themselves with eyes open to all the ruinous consequences which in fact followed from their submission to these proposals. There were most plausible reasons why

the Emperor's proposal in its broader outlines should seem wise.

The danger of carrying on the siege without cutting off the garrison from the resources of Russia was clear enough. It does not require any recondite application of the principles of war to understand that, when all the efforts of human skill have been exhausted in making it easy for a small body of men to bring death and destruction upon any who shall attempt to attack a carefully prepared fortress, it needs to ensure the taking of such a place many more men to attack than to defend it. Yet the effect of leaving Sebastopol open was to enable the defenders greatly to outnumber the assailants. Open operations in the field, against the army with which Prince Menschikoff was covering the siege, could hardly be undertaken till the spring. Any attacks made upon Sebastopol itself during the winter must cost the lives of many men. Therefore, if Sebastopol could only be taken when it had been isolated, it was easy to maintain that the right course was to wait till the army in the field could be defeated by the new army which the Emperor was preparing for that purpose. Obviously, as it was very easy to feed these new forces in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, and very difficult to feed them before Sebastopol, there were good reasons for not landing them in the Crimea till they could be employed with effect.

That there were elements in the question which the Emperor had not taken into account, that on the whole the effect of his policy was disastrous, has, I think, been clearly shown by Mr. Kinglake. I do not think that he has shown with equal certainty that the Emperor's view of the question was so obviously false, that it might not be honestly held by men like Niel and Canrobert when it was first propounded to them. I cannot see that, assuming such loyalty to the actual chief of the state as, apart from the partisanship of conspirators, was

their obvious duty, they might not think the scheme on the whole the one that promised the best for France. I do not think Mr. Kinglake has set forth with sufficient fairness the grounds that they might well have for entertaining such an opinion. To take a familiar illustration. Joab no doubt was a sufficiently unscrupulous partisan; but have we usually thought much the worse of him for writing to David to come and take command of his army in the nick of time, "lest I take the city of waters and it be called by my name"?

The elements which the Emperor had omitted from his calculation were, first, the terrible effect on the French army of the depression engendered by being kept in "a state of impuissance," whilst works were growing up in their front which they could easily have mastered had they been allowed to attack them before they were finished: secondly, the genius of Todleben; thirdly, the advantage to Russia of gaining time both in order to transport her armies to the Crimea and to perfect the works of Sebastopol: fourthly, the injury to the alliance of the deception practised upon us by the nominal undertaking of attacks that were never intended to be carried through to any result: lastly, happily, as it proved, he had not reckoned upon Pélissier. For though the Niel plot collapsed with the fall of Canrobert, the story told in these two volumes is connected by the fact that Niel's continued presence throughout the whole period with the French army represented the persistent attempt of the French Emperor, during all that time, to enforce his will. In the seventh volume we see his action dominating the conduct of the siege during the period of authority of the submissive Canrobert; and in the second we see the self-willed Pélissier breaking through the meshes of the intrigue, and governing the army in despite of the Emperor. Mr. Kinglake, who never loses an opportunity of making the Emperor appear as the enemy of France, skil-

fully sets forth the contrast between the disasters which attended Canrobert's submission, and the happy effects which resulted from Pélissier's rebellion. Nevertheless the utter failure which attended Pélissier's attempt upon Sebastopol on the eighteenth of June, the day of our own first attack on the Redan, went far towards seeming to justify the Emperor's objections and Canrobert's refusal to undertake such efforts. It is hardly fortunate for the complete establishment of Mr. Kinglake's case, that his record of the siege should end just at the moment when that disaster had followed upon Pélissier's resolute carrying out of his own designs.

It is, however, clear enough that the actual scheme of campaign which the Emperor had designed for his armies in the spring was crude in the extreme; that it involved a march into unexplored and most difficult country of which no maps existed; that it entirely ignored the necessity the allies were under of defending their stores and works before Sebastopol; and that it would have exposed them to the danger of being attacked by the whole force of the Russian field-army and garrison, before they could be supported by the army which the Emperor proposed to launch into the distant wilds to the north of the Crimea.

Mr. Kinglake, thanks to his marvellous industry and research, has had the opportunity, in filling out the details, to supply in not a few instances matter absolutely new and of the deepest interest. Of all these by far the most striking incident belongs to that dreary period of the actual manning and pushing forward of the approaches against Sebastopol, strictly speaking to the period of the April bombardment. From the sixth of November, 1854, the "morrow of Inkerman," onward, the allies, impressed by that battle with a conviction of the numbers of the Russians with whom they had to deal, accepted the fact that they must now settle

down into a long siege. Canrobert had on the day of Inkerman utterly refused to follow up the English victory, or even to take part in its later phases. The fruits of victory had been allowed to slip from the grasp of the allies. The design with which they had at first moved to the south front of Sebastopol was to surprise the garrison. They had surprised it. But they considered it necessary, instead of taking advantage of that surprise, to accumulate against it first an overwhelming force of artillery. The long delay which that had entailed on them had given the Russians time to recover, to bring up their ship-guns, and to increase the power of their batteries; and now, instead of the surprised and disconcerted handful of men who had been left, as they themselves believed, the hopeless task of defence against a victorious army, there confronted the commanders a formidable fortress, manned by an adequate force, in full communication with an army in the open field superior in numbers to the whole of the allies. The inevitable result was a recourse, on one side of the French attack, to a system of mining and counter-mining, in which Todleben proved greatly superior in knowledge of the craft to those who opposed him, and, throughout the general front of the position, to a series of operations, in which Todleben, "manœuvring his earthworks as other men have manœuvred armies," proceeded to advance against the allies, to make his great fortress continually occupy and command more and more ground, and to deprive the allies of every point of vantage from which they could assail his chief works. Canrobert's continual dread of attacking these new "approaches" as they were thrown up, allowed Todleben to send out his engineers by night, and, by working hard till daylight, to force the besiegers to discover in the morning that his new works had been so far completed that, from that time onward, they would daily grow in strength till he was ready for some

new advance. The only mode in which the allies were now able to meet these efforts was by slowly accumulating guns and ammunition for successive bombardments. With these, as soon as an adequate collection had been made, they pounded the besieged. The effect in causing loss of life to the Russians was appalling, because they were always obliged to keep large numbers of men in the works ready to resist any assault. But actual progress in the siege during all the winter months was, thanks to the improved defences, practically more in favour of the garrison than the besiegers. After every bombardment Todleben succeeded during the night in so far restoring his shattered parapets and replacing his dismounted guns, that the actual work of assault was as dangerous and difficult as ever.

Yet in the midst of all this time of deepest difficulty for the allies there were brilliant episodes; and Mr. Kinglake, by the glowing enthusiasm and the happy art with which he has described them, has made what has always seemed the dulllest period of the siege alive with human interest and noble example. At the time of the April bombardment the allies had accumulated in all five hundred and one pieces of artillery: the Russians had mounted nine hundred and ninety-eight, but of these only four hundred and sixty-six could be brought to bear on the threatened side. Most of the English guns were in the "first parallel," one thousand three hundred and forty yards from the Great Redan, the immediate object of their blows. But beyond this a nearer second parallel had been pushed forward, in which there were no guns. Yet again beyond this, and only seven hundred yards from the fortress, a third parallel had been constructed. The bombardment began on the ninth. On that day no guns were mounted in the third parallel. But by immense efforts during the night between the eleventh and twelfth of April, Captain Oldershaw, of the Royal Artillery, succeeded in

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moving five thirty-two-pounder guns into this third parallel, about half-way between the fortress and all the other guns that could in any way support them. One of the guns was disabled next day before it could be put in a position for use, or, as we say, mounted. Before night-time on the twelfth some experimental fire was made from this battery against the fortress; but as the fire was very soon ordered to cease, on the ground that the battery in its exposed position and unsupported "could be of no service," the only effect of that evening's fire was to draw the attention of the Russian gunners to the fact of its presence, to enable them to perfect their ranges, and, as it happened, to deprive the guns of the protecting "mantlets" which, hanging in front of the open embrasures, had been intended to some extent to protect the gunners employed when not actively engaged. The battery being on very low ground, was completely commanded by all the batteries, with one exception, against which it could be engaged. It could be fired into by one hundred and thirteen well-protected fortress guns: it was within effective range of rifle fire. Nevertheless, on the evening before the thirteenth of April, Captain Oldershaw was ordered on that day "to work the battery to extremity."

How he did it has been told by Mr. Kinglake with such majesty of language,—he has selected such choice words to convey to all men the impression of what such a fight is,—that, except to induce the reading of the description as a whole, one is almost afraid to touch the subject. Though all the enemy's sharpshooters and twenty heavy guns opened upon the battery, though the shot which began the contest was a sixty-eight-pounder, which shattered to pieces the sergeant, at the moment speaking to Captain Oldershaw, and, by sending a sand-bag against them, carried himself and two of his men off their legs and deposited

them on a pile of shot, the four guns were so calmly and steadily worked that they had, after two hours, silenced one of the enemy's batteries. This of course immediately increased the severity of the enemy's fire. Thirty guns were turned upon the four. Nevertheless, with two out of his four disabled, Captain Oldershaw fought on. As one incident of the fight, whilst he was himself laying a gun, a shell, bursting through the embrasure and "killing two, wounding the rest, and yet sparing the captain himself, laid the whole of the 'gun detachment' at his feet," besides utterly disabling the gun. Only one of the four now remained; yet this was served till it too was rendered unserviceable. At last, after five hours' contest, Captain Oldershaw was ordered to withdraw.

Of sixty-five gunners who originally went down into that battery, eighteen had been sent away in charge of wounded men.

"So that thus the number of gunners destined to be in the battery, without being sent away from it in the course of the fight, was no greater than forty-seven. Of those forty-seven the enormous proportion of forty-four were either killed or wounded; and so on the whole it occurred that the remnant of the original body of sixty-five gunners with which Oldershaw at last marched out of the battery had a strength of only three men."

Next morning, by some blunder, a new body of men, told off for the purpose, was ordered, "under the command of Captain Oldershaw, to fight the advanced No. VII." He was preparing to go on parade. None of those who had been with him were of the party. The corporal on duty in the artillery-camp brought him a message from the twenty unwounded men who had in all survived the fight: "The men who fought with you yesterday, sir, wish to fight again with you."

The strange part of the story remains. In consequence chiefly of Captain Oldershaw's reticence, and partly of an extraordinary memorandum of the artillery-staff, containing, as Mr. Kinglake notes, "a com-

pact little parcel of official mistakes—I count eight of them, and all of a serious, misleading sort, compressed with much neatness into the space of only an inch or two," this fight absolutely escaped official notice, and the honours of it were given to others. It has been till now unknown to any but a few eye-witnesses. I only know one story just like it, whereof it has been said,

"God of battles,—was ever a battle like this in the world before?"

Only Captain Oldershaw's men, when they had the chance of continuing the fight, did not, like the splendid fellows of the *Revenge*, declare when,

"He said, 'Fight on, fight on!'

'We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.'"

Major-General Oldershaw retired from the Royal Artillery in May, 1886, and still lives. It is largely to Sir Gerald Graham, then a subaltern of Engineers, who, characteristically enough, at the time when three of the guns had been disabled, "seeing how our fire had slackened, visited the battery," and was promptly knocked over by a round-shot and taken up for dead, that Mr. Kinglake owes the story.

The other most striking account of pure fighting which Mr. Kinglake has to record in this concluding part occurs in the final volume. Our men had taken "the Quarries," one of the advanced works which Todleben had pushed forward after the fashion already described. A change had in the meantime come over the whole scene. The French were no longer under the meek Canrobert. Pélissier, even while yet Canrobert nominally ruled, had so far forced his hand that he had succeeded in persuading his chief to allow him with his own corps to capture two of Todleben's counter-works. Canrobert, at last breaking down under the sense of his own "impuissance," notably under the wrath which had attended his recall of the first expedition to Kertch, had surrendered the command. Pé-

lissier had at once signalled his assumption of authority by giving sanction to a renewed expedition to Kertch, of which it will be more convenient to speak separately, and by a vigorous prosecution of the siege. As one of the incidents of this we for our part had, after bombardment on the sixth and seventh of June, attacked and carried "the Quarries." The numbers employed in the attack were apparently ridiculously small as compared with the Russians holding the works; but these latter had been so terribly pounded by artillery-fire that the dashing assault upon them, under the general command of Colonel Shirley, by two separate bodies of two hundred men each, with three hundred sent against collateral entrenchments, supported by six hundred more, all drawn from the Light and Second Divisions, proved sufficient to carry the intrenchments. Colonel Campbell of the Ninetieth, and Major Armstrong of the Forty-ninth, drove out the Russians, and were soon supported by working parties of the Fifty-fifth, intended to make good our hold upon the captured position, but soon obliged to lay down their tools and take to their weapons. The problem was how to maintain the hold on the work thus gained. All through the night the Russians alternately poured upon our men columns of infantry and overwhelming artillery-fire. Work had all the time to be carried on, in order that when day dawned there might be cover enough gained to resist the yet more effective fire which would then be poured from the fortress. Even as it was, so terrible was the effect of the guns, that even the approach of the overwhelming masses of the Russian infantry was felt to be a relief, because while they were advancing the guns could not fire. Sheer exhaustion from overwork soon supervened. At last, after the fight had gone on all night, with column after column of the enemy resolutely pushed on to retake the work, a fresh Russian column not long before daylight ad-

vanced to the attack. The great body of our men had from sheer fatigue been stricken by a kind of syncope. Only a number of terribly exhausted men, variously reckoned at from twenty to sixty in all, could be roused by the few officers still present and able to act, amongst whom were Colonel Campbell and Captain (now Lord) Wolseley, who had already been wounded during the fight. Nothing remained but by sheer bravado to prevent the enemy from realising that there was no force to oppose them. By shouting, by firing their pistols into the column, by vehement cheering, aided by one bugler sounding continually as if troops were advancing, favoured by the darkness, they succeeded so completely in imposing on the Russian column, that the utmost efforts of the officers failed to lead them on. As Mr. Kinglake puts it: "though Fortune took part in the fight, she at least (as is often her wont) ranged herself on the side of bold men—men who hardly, it seems, entertained any rational hope, yet, superbly deficient in logic, refused nevertheless to despair." So absolute was the strain put upon human powers of endurance, that as soon as the victory was over, Colonel Campbell collapsed and did not fully recover for five weeks, while Captain Wolseley, "unable to stand, fell helpless amongst the slain; and when lifted up by the strength of others, stood only to fall again. He was conscious, and could speak, but only in a very faint whisper."

The successive captures of the works, which Todleben ought never to have been allowed to complete, represented, with the bombardments, the chief incidents of the siege up to the moment when the time came for what was intended to be a general assault on the eighteenth of June. Mr. Kinglake has shown clearly that, on that unhappy day, the first great cause of the disaster arose from a sudden and wilful resolution of Pélissier to attack with his infantry without any immediately preceding artillery-bom-

bardment. A very heavy bombardment had occupied the preceding days; but long experience had shown that Todleben, when not hampered by artillery-fire continued up to the moment of assault, could, during the night, so completely restore his works as to make assault hopeless. An agreement with Lord Raglan bound Pélissier to carry out the principle of a heavy bombardment on the morning of the eighteenth directly preliminary to the assault. Nevertheless, for some reason which does not seem to have been clearly ascertained, he made up his mind to launch his infantry to the attack during the early dawn without waiting for the artillery. Confusion worse confounded of all kinds attended the several French attacks: Lord Raglan felt himself bound in honour, despite his better judgment, to send our infantry to their support, and the attempt upon the Redan, hopeless from the first, ended, like all the French attacks, in utter discomfiture.

There seems very little doubt that the failure hastened Lord Raglan's death, which followed it very closely. The end of his career thus recorded makes this the best moment to consider what Mr. Kinglake has established as to his general responsibility in relation to the campaign.

In the first place, it seems clear enough that had Lord Raglan been in command of a single army, able to utilise the force of the expedition as a whole, the allies would have marched straight from the battle of the Alma upon Sebastopol. They were in fact prevented from doing so by the illness of Marshal St. Arnaud, not even by a conflict of judgment between the two leaders. St. Arnaud felt himself unequal personally for the task that would have been laid upon him. He did not wish to resign a command for which he felt himself unfit. Therefore, and therefore only, he refused to undertake what was the obviously right course for the allies. Had they then marched on Sebastopol, it is abundantly

clear, on the evidence of Todleben and on other Russian evidence, that Sebastopol would most certainly have fallen at once. No one within Sebastopol then thought it possible to defend it.

Again, when the flank march from the north to the south side of Sebastopol had been accomplished, it appears to be at least reasonably clear that Lord Raglan would have wished to attack the place on that side at once, without waiting for the long process of disembarking the siege-train and preparing the batteries for it, which, surrendering to the Russians three precious weeks, enabled them to so improve the defences of the place in men and material that afterwards the strangest siege in history became inevitable. In this case also it is clear, again on the evidence of Todleben and on other unanswerable Russian evidence, that the place must have fallen. No one within the town believed resistance to be possible.

Had either of these events taken place, that language which Mr. Kinglake quotes from the Times as having been delivered to the world on the reception of the false rumour of the fall of Sebastopol immediately consequent upon the Alma, would hardly have even now seemed extravagant. It would have almost appeared as "the most splendid achievement of modern warfare—an exploit alike unequalled in magnitude, in rapidity, and in its results." That instead of this there followed the long, slow siege was, as Mr. Kinglake has now conclusively shown, due, first, to the depression produced on Canrobert by the explosion in the French lines during the first bombardment, which prevented an immediate assault at a time when Todleben has declared that he could not have resisted it; and, secondly, to the long intrigue represented by the presence of Niel with the French army.

The more this story as a whole is studied, and its mere casual impressions swept away, the more clear, I believe, will it become that the story

of Sebastopol does not justify those conclusions which have in fact been drawn from it, and have produced a most unfortunate effect upon English politicians.

That for the time being the command of the French army was in the hands of men not selected because of their military capacity, but because of their connection with the *coup d'état*, is at least clear enough. That in any case, an army not commanded by a single man, but confused in its leading by conflicting counsels, is utterly unfit for prompt decision and rapid execution, is not a new lesson of war. The real lesson is to be found in the enormous power that might have been and would have been exerted under the command of a single able chief by such an army, sixty thousand strong, as landed in the Crimea, supported by a fleet which held the command at sea.

Of that power Mr. Kinglake has given us, on a smaller scale, a most striking example, and has accompanied it with observations most wise and pregnant with present importance. The second expedition to Kertch, in which, without the loss of a man, a combined naval and military expedition, under command of Admiral Lyons and Sir George Brown, achieved results of surpassing magnitude, is an episode complete in itself; but it precisely represents what, except for conditions which in any circumstances and at all times must bring armies into difficulties, ought to have been the story of the greater expedition. The words in which Mr. Kinglake describes the causes to which the failure of Baron Wrangel, the Russian commander, were due, cannot be too earnestly pressed just now upon the attention of Englishmen.

"He succumbed to the power (of which the world will learn much in times yet to come)—the power an armada can wield when not only carrying on board a force designed for land service, but enabled to move—to move swiftly—whether this way or that, at the will of the chief, who thus, so to speak, can

manœuvre against an army on shore with troops not yet quitting their ships. The power would be one of great cogency, under many conditions, but especially so if it happen that the defender of the coast has in charge two highly-valued possessions divided the one from the other by several miles of ground."

How much more, therefore, if he have a dozen or more, as any Russian commander on the Black Sea littoral must now have, separated by many hundred miles of ground!

As a result of that expedition to Kertch there resulted, without loss to the allies, the capture of many coast-batteries and over a hundred guns, the ruin of the Kertch squadron, of vast quantities of corn, of seventeen thousand tons of coal, of nearly five hundred ships, of vast amounts of property prepared by the Russian government for the service of war, the entrance into the Sea of Azof, and the destruction there of what would have furnished rations for four months to an army of a hundred thousand men, and finally the immediate fall of two sea-board fortresses, Soudjak-Kali and Anapa, the last held by Russia on the Circassian coast. As Mr. Kinglake further puts it:

"The simple truth is, that in regions where land and sea much intertwine, an armada having on board it no more than a few thousand troops, but comprising a powerful fleet and propelled by steam-power, can use its amphibious strength with a wondrously cogent effect; and engaged as he was at the time in defending Sebastopol, the troubled Czar, after all, was not a potentate strong enough to withstand such an engine of war."

But the lesson of both alike, of the great expedition with its long weary delays, and the smaller with its rapid and brilliant success, is the same. In order that the amphibious power, which England can, if she will, apply with such cogent effect to the mightiest empires, may be effective, it must be in a condition to strike rapidly. The army that is required to act for such a purpose must be complete in all its parts, an army ready to take the field and move for action. The whole power is lost if long delays supervene; for the

power lies in rapidity of movement, in gaining time. Let in any circumstances that time be thrown away, and all is lost.

Into the causes which tend to prevent England from so exercising her power, Mr. Kinglake has supplied us with an exhaustive inquiry. His volume on the "winter troubles," the seventh of the series, comprises almost all that can well be said on that subject: there are, however, others on which I must touch as being specially important at the present moment. One is the story of Inkerman, and the evidence which Mr. Kinglake supplies that the Russians had at the time of it to the best of their ability adopted, or endeavoured to adopt, the very form of action employed afterwards by the Prussians in 1866 and in 1870, that of the "company column." This is so curious an illustration how little forms serve to assist soldiers, when not adapted to national characteristics and to trained habit, that it should not be ignored at a moment when we may before long again see Russian soldiers at war. In the same fight the marvellous success of the skirmishing mode of fighting instinctively employed by our own men shows, in Mr. Kinglake's graphic details, how easily our soldiers may adapt themselves to such conditions. If I have not misunderstood what one very careful student of the Russian army appears to consider the great change wrought in it by modern times, a little study of the details of that battle may be commended to him before he condemns English officers for looking upon it, rather than upon the days of Frederick and Napoleon, as indicating the present fighting-power of the Russian infantry.

Mr. Kinglake's vindication of the loyalty of Austria during all the transactions of this period, is a correction

of ancient prejudices so important that it ought earnestly to be pressed upon the attention of all who concern themselves with the politics of the present hour.

Lastly, there are words which occur in Mr. Kinglake's second volume as a deduction from the result of the fight at Giurgevo, of which he makes the Czar say, "Heaven lays upon me more than I can bear," because there, half-a-dozen English officers led Turks in the open field to victory over Russians, with which I shall close this study of his work. I think he will not object to their selection as summarising one of its most important deductions. "Therefore whenever it is possible, a British force serving abroad and engaged in an arduous campaign, ought to have on its side, not mere allies—for that is but a doubtful and often a poor support to have to lean upon—but auxiliaries obeying the English commander, and capable of being trusted with a large share of the duties required from an army in the field. Nor is this an advantage which commonly lies out of our reach; for in most of the countries of the Old World the cost of labour is much lower than in England; and it is one of the prerogatives of the English, as indeed of all conquering nations, to be able to lead other races of men and to impart to them its warlike fire. By beginning its preparations at the right time, and by bringing under the orders of some of our Indian officers a fitting number of the brave men who came flocking to the war from every province of the Ottoman Empire, our Government might have enabled their general to take the field with an army of great strength—with an army more fit for warlike enterprises than two armies, French and English, instructed to work side by side and baffled by divided command."

FREDERICK MAURICE.

THE REVERBERATOR.¹

I.

"I GUESS my daughter's in here," the old man said, leading the way into the little *salon de lecture*. He was not of the most advanced age, but that is the way George Flack considered him, and indeed he looked older than he was. George Flack had found him sitting in the court of the hotel (he sat a great deal in the court of the hotel), and had gone up to him with characteristic directness and asked him for Miss Francina. Poor Mr. Dosson had, with the greatest docility, disposed himself to wait upon the young man: he had as a matter of course got up and made his way across the court, to announce to the personage in question that she had a visitor. He looked submissive, almost servile, as he preceded the visitor, thrusting his head forward in his quest; but it was not in Mr. Flack's line to notice that sort of thing. He accepted the old gentleman's good offices as he would have accepted those of a waiter, and murmured no protest for the sake of making it appear that he had come to see him as well. An observer of these two persons would have assured himself that the degree to which Mr. Dosson thought it natural that any one should want to see his daughter was only equalled by the degree to which the young man thought it natural her father should find her for him. There was a superfluous drapery in the doorway of the *salon de lecture*, which Mr. Dosson pushed aside, while George Flack stepped in after him.

The reading-room of the *Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham* was not of great proportions, and had seemed to Mr. Dosson from the first to con-

sist principally of a bare, highly-polished floor, on which it was easy for a relaxed elderly American to slip. It was composed further, to his perception, of a table with a green velvet cloth, of a fireplace with a great deal of fringe and no fire, of a window with a great deal of curtain and no light, and of the *Figaro*, which he couldn't read, and the *New York Herald*, which he had already read. A single person was just now in possession of these conveniences—a young lady who sat with her back to the window, looking straight before her into the conventional room. She was dressed as for the street: her empty hands rested upon the arms of her chair (she had withdrawn her long gloves, which were lying in her lap), and she seemed engaged in vague contemplation. Her face was so much in shadow as to be barely distinguishable; nevertheless, as soon as he saw her, the young man exclaimed—"Why, it ain't Miss Francie—it's Miss Delia!"

"Well, I guess we can fix that," said Mr. Dosson, wandering further into the room and drawing his feet over the floor without lifting them. Whatever he did he ever seemed to wander: he had a transitory air, an aspect of weary yet patient non-arrival, even when he sat (as he was capable of sitting for hours) in the court of the inn. As he glanced down at the two newspapers in their desert of green velvet he raised a hopeless, uninterested glass to his eye. "Delia, my dear, where is your sister?"

Delia made no movement whatever, nor did any expression, so far as could be perceived, pass over her large young face. She only ejaculated, "Why, Mr. Flack, where did you drop from?"

"Well, this is a good place to meet," her father remarked, as if mildly,

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and as a mere passing suggestion, to deprecate explanations.

"Any place is good where one meets old friends," said George Flack, looking also at the newspapers. He examined the date of the American sheet and then put it down. "Well, how do you like Paris?" he went on to the young lady.

"We quite enjoy it; but of course we're familiar now."

"Well, I was in hopes I could show you something," Mr. Flack said.

"I guess they've seen most everything," Mr. Dosson observed.

"Well, we've seen more than you!" exclaimed his daughter.

"Well, I've seen a good deal—just sitting there."

A person with a delicate ear might have suspected Mr. Dosson of saying "setting," but he would pronounce the same word in a different manner at different times.

"Well, in Paris you can see everything," said the young man. "I'm quite enthusiastic about Paris."

"Haven't you been here before?" Miss Delia asked.

"Oh, yes, but it's ever fresh. And how is Miss Francie?"

"She's all right. She has gone up stairs to get something: we are going out again."

"It's very attractive for the young," said Mr. Dosson to the visitor.

"Well, then, I'm one of the young. Do you mind if I go with you?" Mr. Flack continued, to the girl.

"It'll seem like old times, on the deck," she replied. "We're going to the Bon Marché."

"Why don't you go to the Louvre? It's much better."

"We have just come from there: we have had quite a morning."

"Well, it's a good place," the visitor continued.

"It's good for some things, but it doesn't come up to my idea for others."

"Oh, they've seen everything," said Mr. Dosson. Then he added, "I guess I'll go and call Francie."

"Well, tell her to hurry," Miss Delia returned, swinging a glove in each hand.

"She knows my pace," Mr. Flack remarked.

"I should think she would, the way you raced!" the girl ejaculated, with memories of the Umbria. "I hope you don't expect to rush round Paris that way."

"I always rush. I live in a rush. That's the way to get through."

"Well, I *am* through, I guess," said Mr. Dosson, philosophically.

"Well, I ain't!" his daughter declared with decision.

"Well, you must come round often," the old gentleman continued, as a leave-taking.

"Oh, I'll come round! I'll have to rush, but I'll do it."

"I'll send down Francie." And Francie's father crept away.

"And please to give her some more money!" her sister called after him.

"Does she keep the money?" George Flack inquired.

"Keep it?" Mr. Dosson stopped as he pushed aside the *portière*. "Oh, you innocent young man!"

"I guess it's the first time you were ever called innocent," Delia remarked, left alone with the visitor.

"Well, I *was*—before I came to Paris."

"Well, I can't see that it has hurt us. We are *not* extravagant."

"Wouldn't you have a right to be?"

"I don't think any one has a right to be."

The young man, who had seated himself, looked at her a moment.

"That's the way you used to talk."

"Well, I haven't changed."

"And Miss Francie—has she?"

"Well, you'll see," said Delia Dosson, beginning to draw on her gloves.

Her companion watched her, leaning forward, with his elbows on the arms of his chair and his hands interlocked. At last he said, interrogatively: "Bon Marché?"

"No, I got them in a little place I know."

"Well, they're Paris, anyway."

"Of course they're Paris. But you can get gloves anywhere."

"You must show me the little place, anyhow," Mr. Flack continued sociably. And he observed, further, with the same friendliness—"The old gentleman seems all there."

"Oh, he's the dearest of the dear."

"He's a real gentleman—of the old stamp," said George Flack.

"Well, what should you think our father would be?"

"I should think he would be delighted!"

"Well, he is, when we carry out our plans."

"And what are they—your plans?" asked the young man.

"Oh, I never tell them."

"How then does he know whether you carry them out?"

"Well, I guess he'd know it if we didn't," said the girl.

"I remember how secretive you were last year. You kept everything to yourself."

"Well, I know what I want," the young lady pursued.

He watched her button one of her gloves, deftly, with a hairpin which she disengaged from some mysterious function under her bonnet. There was a moment's silence, and then they looked up at each other. "I have an idea you don't want me," said George Flack.

"Oh, yes, I do—as a friend."

"Of all the mean ways of trying to get rid of a man, that's the meanest!" he exclaimed.

"Where's the meanness, when I suppose you are not so peculiar as to wish to be anything more?"

"More to your sister, do you mean—or to yourself?"

"My sister is myself—I haven't got any other," said Delia Dosson.

"Any other sister?"

"Don't be idiotic. Are you still in the same business?" the girl went on.

"Well, I forget which one I *was* in."

"Why, something to do with that newspaper—don't you remember?"

"Yes, but it isn't that paper any more—it's a different one."

"Do you go round for news—in the same way?"

"Well, I try to get the people what they want. It's hard work," said the young man.

"Well, I suppose if you didn't some one else would. They will have it, won't they?"

"Yes, they will have it." But the wants of the people did not appear at the present moment to interest Mr. Flack as much as his own. He looked at his watch and remarked that the old gentleman didn't seem to have much authority.

"Much authority?" the girl repeated.

"With Miss Francie. She is taking her time, or rather, I mean, she is taking mine."

"Well, if you expect to do anything with her you must give her plenty of that."

"All right: I'll give her all I have." And Miss Dosson's interlocutor leaned back in his chair with folded arms, as if to let his companion know that she would have to count with his patience. But she sat there in her expressionless placidity, giving no sign of alarm or defeat. He was the first, indeed, to show a symptom of restlessness: at the end of a few moments he asked the young lady if she didn't suppose her father had told her sister who it was.

"Do you think that's all that's required?" Miss Dosson demanded. But she added, more graciously—"Probably that's the reason. She's so shy."

"Oh, yes—she used to look it."

"No, that's her peculiarity, that she never looks it, and yet that she is intensely so."

"Well, you make it up for her then, Miss Delia," the young man ventured to declare.

"No, for her, I'm not shy—not in the least."

"If it wasn't for you, I think I could do something," the young man went on.

"Well, you've got to kill me first!"

"I'll come down on you, somehow, in the Reverberator," said George Flack.

"Oh, that's not what the people want."

"No, unfortunately they don't care anything about *my* affairs."

"Well, we do: we are kinder, Francie and I," said the girl. "But we desire to keep them quite distinct from ours."

"Oh, yours—yours; if I could only discover what they are," the young journalist exclaimed. And during the rest of the time that they sat there waiting he tried to find out. If an auditor had happened to be present for the quarter of an hour that elapsed, and had had any attention to give to these vulgar young persons, he would have wondered perhaps at there being so much mystery on one side and so much curiosity on the other—wondered at least at the elaboration of inscrutable projects on the part of a girl who looked to the casual eye as if she were stolidly passive. Fidelia Dosson, whose name had been shortened, was twenty-five years old, and had a large white face, with the eyes very far apart. Her forehead was high, but her mouth was small: her hair was light and colourless, and a certain inelegant thickness of figure made her appear shorter than she was. Elegance indeed had not been conferred upon her by Nature, and the Bon Marché and other establishments had to make up for that. To a feminine eye they would scarcely have appeared to have acquitted themselves of their office; but even a woman would not have guessed how little Fidelia cared. She always looked the same: all the contrivances of Paris could not make her look different, and she held them, for herself, in no manner of esteem. It was a plain, blank face, not only without movement, but with a sugges-

tion of obstinacy in its repose; and yet, with its limitations, it was neither stupid nor displeasing. It had an air of intelligent calm—a considering, pondering look that was superior, somehow, to diffidence or anxiety; moreover, the girl had a clear skin and a gentle, dim smile. If she had been a young man (and she had, a little, the head of one) it would probably have been thought of her that she nursed dreams of eminence in some scientific or even political line.

An observer would have gathered, further, that Mr. Flack's acquaintance with Mr. Dosson and his daughters had had its origin in his crossing the Atlantic eastward in their company more than a year before, and in some slight association immediately after disembarking; but that each party had come and gone a good deal since then—come and gone, however, without meeting again. It was to be inferred that in this interval Miss Dosson had led her father and sister back to their native land, and had then a second time directed their course to Europe. This was a new departure, said Mr. Flack, or rather a new arrival: he understood that it was not, as he called it, the same old visit. She did not repudiate the accusation, launched by her companion as if it might have been embarrassing, of having spent her time at home in Boston, and even in a suburban portion of it: she confessed that, as Bostonians, they had been capable of that. But now they had come abroad for longer—ever so much: what they had gone home for was to make arrangements for a European sojourn of which the limits were not to be told. So far as this prospect entered into her plans she freely acknowledged it. It appeared to meet with George Flack's approval—he also had a big job on that side and it might take years, so that it would be pleasant to have his friends right there. He knew his way about in Paris—or any place like that—much more than in Boston; if they had been poked away in one of those

suburbs they would have been lost to him.

"Oh, well, you'll see as much as you want to of us—the way you'll have to take us," Delia Dosson said: which led the young man to inquire what way that was, and to remark that he only knew one way to take anything—just as it came. "Oh, well, you'll see," the girl rejoined; and she would give for the present no further explanation of her somewhat chilling speech. In spite of it, however, she professed an interest in Mr. Flack's "job"—an interest which rested apparently upon an interest in the young man himself. The slightly surprised observer whom we have supposed to be present would have perceived that this latter sentiment was founded on a conception of Mr. Flack's intrinsic brilliancy. Would his own impression have justified that?—would he have found such a conception contagious? I forbear to say positively no, for that would charge me with the large responsibility of showing what right our accidental observer might have had to his particular standard. I prefer therefore to note simply that George Flack was quite clever enough to seem a person of importance to Delia Dosson. He was connected (as she supposed) with literature, and was not literature one of the many engaging attributes of her cherished little sister? If Mr. Flack was a writer, Francie was a reader: had not a trail of forgotten Tauchnitzes marked the former line of travel of the party of three? The elder sister grabbed them up on leaving hotels and railway-carriages, but usually found that she had brought odd volumes. She considered, however, that as a family they had a sort of superior affinity with the young journalist, and would have been surprised if she had been told that his acquaintance was not a high advantage.

Mr. Flack's appearance was not so much a property of his own as a prejudice on the part of those who looked at him: whoever they might be, what

they saw mainly in him was that they had seen him before. And, oddly enough, this recognition carried with it in general no ability to remember—that is to recall—him: you could not have evoked him in advance, and it was only when you saw him that you knew you *had* seen him. To carry him in your mind you must have liked him very much, for no other sentiment, not even aversion, would have taught you what distinguished him in his group: aversion in especial would have made you conscious only of what confounded him. He was not a particular person, but a sample or memento—moderately tall, moderately short, moderately everything, moderately definite. You would scarcely have expected him to have a name other than that of his class: a number, like that of the day's newspaper, would have been the most that you would count on, and you would have expected vaguely to find the number high—somewhere up in the millions. As every copy of the newspaper wears the same label, so that of Miss Dosson's visitor would have been "Young commercial American." Let me add that among the accidents of his appearance was that of its sometimes striking other young commercial Americans as fine. He was twenty-seven years of age, and had a small square head, a light gray overcoat, and in his right forefinger a curious natural crook which might have served, under pressure, to identify him. But for the convenience of society he ought always to have worn something conspicuous—a green hat or a scarlet necktie. His job was to obtain material in Europe for an American "society-paper."

If it be objected to all this that when Francie Dosson at last came in she addressed him as if she easily placed him, the answer is that she had been notified by her father—more punctually than was indicated by the manner of her response. "Well, the way you *do* turn up," she said, smiling and holding out her left hand to him:

in the other hand, or the hollow of her right arm, she had a largeish parcel. Though she had made him wait, she was evidently very glad to see him there; and she as evidently required, and enjoyed, a great deal of that sort of indulgence. Her sister's attitude would have told you so, even if her own appearance had not. There was that in her manner to the young man—a perceptible but indefinable shade—which seemed to legitimate the oddity of his having asked in particular for her, as if he wished to see her to the exclusion of her father and sister: a kind of special pleasure which had the air of pointing to a special relation. And yet a spectator, looking from Mr. George Flack to Miss Francie Dossan, would have been much at a loss to guess what special relation could exist between them. The girl was exceedingly, extraordinarily pretty, and without discoverable resemblance to her sister; and there was a brightness in her—a kind of still radiance—which was quite distinct from what is called animation. Rather tall than short, slim, delicate, and evidently as light of hand and of foot as it was possible to be, she yet gave no impression of quick movement, of abundant chatter, of excitable nerves and irrepressible life—no hint of being of the most usual (which is perhaps also the most graceful) American type. She was brilliantly but quietly pretty, and your suspicion that she was a little stiff was corrected only by your perception that she was extremely soft. There was nothing in her to confirm the implication that she had rushed about the deck of a Cunarder with a newspaper-man. She was as straight as a wand and as fine as a gem: her neck was long, and her gray eyes had colour; and from the ripple of her dark brown hair to the curve of her unaffirmative chin every line in her face was happy and pure. She had an unformed voice and no learning.

Delia got up, and they came out of the little reading-room—this young lady

remarking to her visitor that she hoped she had got all the things. "Well, I had a fiendish hunt for them, we have got so many," Francie replied, with a curious, soft drawl. "There were a few dozens of the pocket-handkerchiefs I couldn't find; but I guess I've got most of them, and most of the gloves."

"Well, what are you carting them about for?" George Flack inquired, taking the parcel from her. "You had better let me handle them. Do you buy pocket-handkerchiefs by the hundred?"

"Well, it only makes fifty apiece," said Francie, smiling. "They ain't nice—we're going to change them."

"Oh, I won't be mixed up with that—you can't work that game on these Frenchmen," the young man exclaimed.

"Oh, with Francie they will take anything back," Delia Dossan declared. "They just love her, all over."

"Well, they're like me then," said Mr. Flack, with friendly hilarity. "I'll take her back, if she'll come."

"Well, I don't think I am ready quite yet," the girl replied. "But I hope very much we shall cross with you again."

"Talk about crossing—it's on these boulevards we want a life-preserver!" Delia remarked. They had passed out of the hotel and the wide vista of the Rue de la Paix stretched up and down. There were many vehicles.

"Won't this thing do? I'll tie it to either of you," George Flack said, holding out his bundle. "I suppose they won't kill you if they love you," he went on to the younger girl.

"Well, you've got to know me first," she answered, laughing and looking for a chance, while they waited to pass over.

"I didn't know you when I was struck." He applied his disengaged hand to her elbow and propelled her across the street. She took no notice of his observation, and Delia asked her, on the other side, whether their father had given her that money. She replied that he had given her loads—she felt as if he had made his will; which led

George Flack to say that he wished the old gentleman was *his* father.

"Why, you don't mean to say you want to be our brother!" Francie exclaimed, as they went down the Rue de la Paix.

"I should like to be Miss Delia's, if you can make that out," said the man.

"Well, then, suppose you prove it by calling me a cab," Miss Delia returned. "I presume you and Francie don't think this is the deck."

"Don't she feel rich?" George Flack demanded of Francie. "But we do require a cart for our goods;" and he hailed a little yellow carriage, which presently drew up beside the pavement. The three got into it, and still emitting innocent pleasantries proceeded on their way, while at the Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham Mr. Dosson wandered down into the court again and took his place in his customary chair.

II

THE court was roofed with glass: the April air was mild: the cry of women selling violets came in from the street, and, mingling with the rich hum of Paris, seemed to bring with it faintly the odour of the flowers. There were other odours in the court, warm, succulent and Parisian, which ranged from fried fish to burnt sugar; and there were many things besides: little tables for the post-prandial coffee: piles of luggage inscribed (after the initials, or frequently the name, R. P. Scudamore or D. Jackson Hatch), Philadelphia, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.: rattles of unregarded bells, flittings of tray-bearing waiters, conversations with the second-floor windows of admonitory landladies, arrivals of young women with coffin-like bandboxes covered with black oilcloth and depending from a strap, sallings forth of persons staying and arrivals, just afterwards, of other persons to see them, together with vague prostrations on benches of tired heads of American

families. It was to this last element that Mr. Dosson himself in some degree contributed, but it must be added that he had not the extremely bereft and exhausted appearance of certain of his fellows. There was an air of meditative patience, of habitual accommodation, in him; but you would have guessed that he was enjoying a holiday rather than panting for a truce, and he was not so enfeebled but that he was able to get up from time to time and stroll through the *porte cochère* to have a look at the street.

He gazed up and down for five minutes, with his hands in his pockets, and then came back: that appeared to content him: he asked for very little, and had no restlessness that these small excursions would not assuage. He looked at the heaped-up luggage, at the tinkling bells, at the young women from the *lingère*, at the repudiated visitors, at everything but the other American parents. Something in his breast told him that he knew all about these. It is not upon each other that the animals in the same cage, in a zoological collection, most turn their eyes. There was a silent sociability in him, and a superficial fineness of grain, that helped to account for his daughter Francie's various delicacies. He was fair and spare and had no figure: you would have seen in a moment that the question of how he should hold himself had never in his life occurred to him. He never held himself at all: providence held him rather (and very loosely), by an invisible string, at the end of which he seemed gently to dangle and waver. His face was so smooth that his thin light whiskers, which grew only far back, scarcely seemed native to his cheeks: they might have been attached there for some harmless purpose of comedy or disguise. He looked for the most part as if he were thinking over, without exactly understanding it, something rather droll which had just occurred: he was contemplative, without being particularly attentive. His feet were remarkably small, and his clothes, in

which light colours predominated, were visibly the work of a French tailor: he was an American who still held the tradition that it is in Paris that a man can dress himself best. His hat would have looked odd in Bond Street or the Fifth Avenue, and his necktie was loose and flowing.

Mr. Dosson, it may further be mentioned, was a man of the simplest composition, a character as cipherable as a sum of two figures. He had a native financial faculty of the finest order, a gift as direct as a beautiful tenor voice, which had enabled him, without the aid of particular strength of will or keenness of ambition, to build up a large fortune while he was still a youngish man. He had a genius for happy speculation, the quick, unerring instinct of a "good thing;" and as he sat there idle, amused, contented, on the edge of the Parisian street, he might very well have passed for some rare performer who had sung his song or played his trick and had nothing to do till the next call. And he had grown rich, not because he was ravenous or hard, but simply because he had an ear, or a nose. He could make out the tune in the discord of the market-place: he could smell success far up the wind. The second factor in his little addition was that he was an unassuming father. He had no tastes, no acquirements nor curiosities, and his daughters represented society for him. He thought much more and much oftener of these young ladies than of his bank-shares and railway-stock: they refreshed much more his sense of ownership, of accumulation. He never compared them with other girls, he only compared his present self to what he would have been without them. His view of them was perfectly simple. Delia had a more unfathomable profundity, and Francie a wider acquaintance with literature and art. Mr. Dosson had not perhaps a full perception of his younger daughter's beauty: he would scarcely have pretended to judge of that, more than he would of a valuable picture or

vase, but he believed she was cultivated up to the eyes. He had a recollection of tremendous school-bills, and in later days, during their travels, of the way she was always leaving books behind her. Moreover, was not her French so good that he couldn't understand it?

The two girls, at any rate, were the wind in his sail, and the only directing, determining force he knew: they converted accident into purpose: without them, as he felt, he would have been the tail without the kite. The wind rose and fell, of course: there were lulls and there were gales: there were intervals during which he simply floated in quiet waters—cast anchor and waited. This appeared to be one of them now; but he could be patient, knowing that he should soon again inhale the brine and feel the dip of his prow. When his daughters were out the determining process gathered force, and their being out with a brilliant young man only deepened the pleasant calm. That belonged to their superior life, and Mr. Dosson never doubted that George M. Flack was brilliant. He represented the newspaper, and the newspaper for this man of genial assumptions represented Mind—it was the great shining presence of our time. To know that Delia and Francie were out with an editor, or a correspondent, was really to see them dancing in the central glow. This is doubtless why Mr. Dosson had slightly more than usual his air of recovering slowly from a pleasant surprise. The vision to which I allude hung before him, at a convenient distance, and melted into other bright, confused aspects: reminiscences of Mr. Flack in other relations—on the ship, on the dock, at the hotel at Liverpool, and in the cars. Whitney Dosson was a loyal father, but he would have thought himself simple had he not had two or three strong convictions: one of which was that the children should never go out with a gentleman they had not seen before. The sense of their having,

and his having, seen Mr. Flack before was comfortable to him now : it made it mere placidity for him personally to forego the young man's society in favour of Delia and Francie. He had not hitherto been perfectly satisfied that the streets and shops, the general immensity of Paris, were just the right place for young ladies alone. But the company of a pleasant gentleman made them right—a gentleman who was pleasant through being up to everything, as one connected with that paper (he remembered its name now, it was celebrated), would have to be. To Mr. Dosson, in the absence of such happy accidents, his girls somehow seemed lonely, which was not the way he struck himself. They were his company, but he was scarcely theirs : it was as if he had them more than they had him.

They were out a long time, but he felt no anxiety, as he reflected that Mr. Flack's very profession was a prevision of everything that could possibly happen. The bright French afternoon waned without bringing them back, but Mr. Dosson still revolved about the court, till he might have been taken for a *valet de place* hoping to pick up custom. The landlady smiled at him sometimes, as she passed and re-passed, and even ventured to remark disinterestedly that it was a pity to waste such a lovely day indoors—not to take a turn and see what was going on in Paris. But Mr. Dosson had no sense of waste : that came to him much more when he was confronted with historical monuments, or beauties of Nature, or art, which he didn't understand or care for : then he felt a little ashamed and uncomfortable—but never when he lounged unpretentiously in the court. It wanted but a quarter of an hour to dinner (that he could understand) when Delia and Francie at last met his view, still accompanied by Mr. Flack and sauntering in, at a little distance from each other, with a jaded air which was not in the least a tribute to his possible solicitude. They dropped into chairs

and joked with each other, with a mixture of sociability and languor, on the subject of what they had seen and done—a question into which he felt as yet a delicacy as to inquiring. But they had evidently done a good deal and had a good time : an impression sufficient to rescue Mr. Dosson personally from the consciousness of failure.

"Won't you just step in and take dinner with us?" he asked of the young man, with a friendliness begotten of the circumstances.

"Well, that's a handsome offer," George Flack replied, while Delia remarked that they had each eaten about thirty cakes.

"Well, I wondered what you were doing so long. But never mind your cakes. It's twenty minutes past six, and the *table d'hôte's* on time."

"You don't mean to say you dine at the *table d'hôte*!" Mr. Flack ejaculated.

"Why, don't you like that?" Francie drawled sweetly.

"Well, it isn't what you most build on when you come to Paris. Too many flower-pots and chickens' legs."

"Well, would you like one of these restaurants?" asked Mr. Dosson. "I don't care if you show us a good one."

"Oh, I'll show you a good one—don't you worry."

"Well, you've got to order the dinner then," said Francie.

"Well, you'll see how I could do it!" And the young man looked at her very hard, with an intention of softness.

"He has got an interest in some place," Delia declared. "He has taken us to ever so many stores, and he gets his commission."

"Well, I'd pay you to take them round," said Mr. Dosson ; and with much agreeable trifling of this kind it was agreed that they should sally forth for the evening meal under Mr. Flack's guidance.

If he had easily convinced them on this occasion that that was a more

original proceeding than worrying those old bones, as he called it, at the hotel, he convinced them of other things besides, in the course of the following month and by the aid of repeated visits. What he mainly made clear to them was, that it was really most kind of a young man who had so many great public questions on his mind to find sympathy for problems which could fill the telegraph and the press so little as theirs. He came every day to set them in the right path, pointing out its charms to them in a way that made them feel how much they had been in the wrong. He made them feel indeed that they didn't know anything about anything, even about such a matter as ordering shoes—an art in which they vaguely supposed themselves rather strong. He had in fact great knowledge, and it was wonderfully various, and he knew as many people as they knew few. He had appointments—very often with celebrities—for every hour of the day, and memoranda, sometimes in shorthand, on tablets with elastic straps, with which he dazzled the simple folk at the *Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham*, whose social life, of narrow range, consisted mainly in reading the lists of Americans who "registered" at the bankers, and at *Galignani's*. Delia Dosson, in particular, had a way of poring solemnly over these records which exasperated Mr. Flack, who skimmed them and found what he wanted in the flash of an eye: she kept the others waiting while she satisfied herself that Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Rosenheim and Miss Cora Rosenheim and Master Samuel Rosenheim had "left for Brussels."

Mr. Flack was wonderful on all occasions in finding what he wanted (which, as we know, was what he believed the public wanted), and Delia was the only one of the party with whom he was sometimes a little sharp. He had embraced from the first the idea that she was his enemy, and he alluded to it with almost tiresome frequency, though always in a humorous,

fearless strain. Even more than by her fashion of hanging over the registers she provoked him by appearing to think that their little party was not sufficient to itself; by wishing, as he expressed it, to work in new stuff. He might have been easy, however, for he had sufficient chance to observe how it was always the fate of the Dossons to miss their friends. They were continually looking out for meetings and combinations that never came off, hearing that people had been in Paris only after they had gone away, or feeling convinced that they were there but not to be found through their not having registered, or wondering whether they should overtake them if they should go to Dresden, and then making up their minds to start for Dresden, only to learn, at the eleventh hour, through some accident, that the elusive party had gone to Biarritz. "We know plenty of people if we could only come across them," Delia had said more than once: she scanned the continent with a wondering, baffled gaze, and talked of the unsatisfactory way in which friends at home would "write out" that other friends were "somewhere in Europe." She expressed the wish that such correspondents as that might be in a place that was not at all vague. Two or three times people had called at the hotel when they were out, and had left cards for them without any address, superscribed, with a mocking dash of the pencil, "Off to-morrow!" The girl sat looking at these cards, handling them and turning them over for a quarter of an hour at a time: she produced them days afterwards, brooding over them afresh, as if they were a mystic clue. George Flack generally knew where they were, the people who were "somewhere in Europe." Such knowledge came to him by a kind of intuition, by the voices of the air, by indefinable and unteachable processes. But he held his peace on purpose: he didn't want any outsiders: he thought their little party just right. Mr. Dosson's place

in the scheme of providence was to go with Delia while he himself went with Francie, and nothing would have induced George Flack to disfigure that equation.

The young man was professionally so occupied with other people's affairs that it should doubtless be mentioned to his praise that he still managed to have affairs—or at least an affair—of his own. That affair was Francie Dosson, and he was pleased to perceive how little *she* cared what had become of Mr. and Mrs. Rosenheim, and Master Samuel and Miss Cora. He counted all the things she didn't care about—her soft inadvertent eyes helped him to do that; and they footed up so, as he would have said, that they gave him a pleasant sense of a free field. If she had so few interests, there was the greater possibility that a young man of bold conceptions and cheerful manners might become one. She had usually the air of waiting for something with a sort of amused resignation, while tender, shy, indefinite little fancies hummed in her brain; so that she would perhaps recognize in him the reward of patience. George Flack was aware that he exposed his friends to considerable fatigue: he brought them back pale and taciturn from suburban excursions, and from wanderings often rather aimless and casual among the boulevards and avenues of the town. He regarded them at such moments with complacency, however, for these were hours of diminished resistance: he had an idea that he should be able eventually to circumvent Delia if he could only watch for some time when she was tired. He liked to make them all feel helpless and dependent, and this was not difficult with people who were so modest and artless, so unconscious of the boundless power of wealth. Sentiment, in our young man, was not a scruple nor a source of weakness; but he thought it really touching, the little these good people knew of what they could do with their money. They had in their hands a weapon of infinite

range, and yet they were incapable of firing a shot for themselves. They had a kind of social humility: it appeared never to have occurred to them that, added to their amiability, their money gave them a value. This used to strike George Flack on certain occasions when he came back to find them in the places where he had dropped them while he rushed off to give a turn to one of his screws. They never played him false, never wearied of waiting; always sat patient and submissive, usually at a café to which he had introduced them, or in a row of chairs on the boulevard, or in the Tuileries or the Champs Elysées.

He introduced them to many cafés, in different parts of Paris, being careful to choose those which (in his view) young ladies might frequent with propriety, and there were two or three in the neighbourhood of their hotel where they became frequent and familiar figures. As the late spring days grew warmer and brighter they usually sat outside on the "terrace"—the little expanse of small tables at the door of the establishment, where Mr. Flack, on the return, could descry them from afar at their post in exactly the same position to which he had committed them. They complained of no satiety in watching the many-coloured movement of the Parisian streets; and if some of the features in the panorama were base they were only so in a version which the imagination of our friends was incapable of supplying. George Flack considered that he was rendering a positive service to Mr. Dosson: wouldn't the old gentleman have sat all day in the court anyway? And wasn't the boulevard better than the court? It was his theory, too, that he flattered and caressed Miss Francie's father, for there was no one to whom he had furnished more copious details about the affairs, the projects and prospects, of the Reverberator. He had left no doubt in the old gentleman's mind as to the race he himself intended to run, and Mr. Dosson used to say to him every day, the first

thing, "Well, where have you got to now?" as if he took a real interest. George Flack narrated his interviews, to which Delia and Francie gave attention only in case they knew something of the persons on whom the young emissary of the Reverberator had conferred this distinction; whereas Mr. Dossou listened, with his tolerant interposition of, "Is that so?" and "Well, that's good," just as submissively when he heard of the celebrity in question for the first time.

In conversation with his daughters Mr. Flack was frequently the theme, though introduced much more by the young ladies than by himself, and especially by Delia, who announced at an early period that she knew what he wanted and that it wasn't in the least what *she* wanted. She amplified this statement very soon—at least as regards her interpretation of Mr. Flack's designs: a certain mystery still hung about her own, which, as she intimated, had much more to recommend them. Delia's vision of the danger as well as the advantage of being a pretty girl was closely connected (and this was natural) with the idea of "engagement": this idea was in a manner complete in itself, and her imagination failed, in the oddest way, to carry it into the next stage. She wanted her sister to be engaged, but she didn't at all wish her to be married, and she had not clearly made up her mind as to how Francie was to enjoy both the promotion and the arrest. It was a secret source of humiliation to her that there had as yet, to her knowledge, been no one with whom her sister had exchanged vows: if her conviction on this subject could have expressed itself intelligibly it would have given you a glimpse of a droll state of mind—a dim theory that a bright girl ought to be able to try successive aspirants. Delia's conception of what such a trial might consist of was strangely innocent: it was made up of calls and walks and buggy-drives, and above all of being spoken of as engaged;

and it never occurred to her that a repetition of lovers rubs off a young lady's delicacy. She felt herself a born old maid, and never dreamed of a lover of her own—he would have been dreadfully in her way; but she dreamed of love as something in its nature very delicate. All the same she discriminated: it did lead to something after all, and she desired that for Francie it should not lead to a union with Mr. Flack. She looked at such a union in the light of that other view which she kept as yet to herself, but which she was ready to produce so soon as the right occasion should come up; and she told her sister that she would never speak to her again if she should let this young man suppose—And here she always paused, plunging again into impressive reticence.

"Suppose what?" Francie asked, as if she were totally unacquainted (which indeed she really was) with the suppositions of young men.

"Well, you'll see, when he begins to say things you won't like." This sounded ominous on Delia's part, but she had in reality very little apprehension; otherwise she would have risen against the custom adopted by Mr. Flack of perpetually coming round: she would have given her attention (though it struggled in general unsuccessfully with all this side of their life) to some prompt means of getting away from Paris. She told her father what in her view the correspondent of the Reverberator was "after"; but it must be added that she did not make him feel very strongly on the matter. This, however, was not of importance, with her inner sense that Francie would never really do anything—that is, wouldn't really like anything—they didn't like.

Her sister's docility was a great comfort to her, especially as it was addressed in the first instance to herself. She liked and disliked certain things much more than the girl herself did either; and Francie was glad to take advantage of her reasons, having so few of her own. They served—

Delia's reasons—for Mr. Dosson as well, so that Francie was not guilty of any particular irreverence in regarding her sister, rather than her father, as the controller of her fate. A fate was rather a cumbersome and formidable possession, which it relieved her that some kind person should undertake the keeping of. Delia had somehow got hold of hers first—before even her father, and ever so much before Mr. Flack; and it lay with Delia to make any change. She couldn't have accepted any gentleman as a husband without reference to Delia, any more than she could have done up her hair without a glass. The only action taken by Mr. Dosson in consequence of his elder daughter's revelations was to embrace the idea as a subject of daily pleasantry. He was fond, in his intercourse with his children, of some small usual joke, some humorous refrain; and what could have been more in the line of true domestic sport than a little gentle but unintermitted railery upon Francie's conquest? Mr. Flack's attributive intentions became a theme of indulgent parental chaff, and the girl was neither dazzled nor annoyed by such familiar references to them. "Well, he *has* told us about half we know," she used often to reply.

Among the things he told them was that this was the very best time in the young lady's life to have her portrait painted, and the best place in the world to have it done well: also that he knew a "lovely artist," a young American of extraordinary talent, who would be delighted to undertake the work. He conducted them to this gentleman's studio, where they saw several pictures by which they were considerably mystified. Francie protested that she didn't want to be done *that way*, and Delia declared that she would as soon have her sister shown up in a magic lantern. They had had the fortune not to find Mr.

Waterlow at home, so that they were free to express themselves, and the pictures were shown them by his servant. They looked at them as they looked at bonnets and *confections* when they went to expensive shops: as if it were a question, among so many specimens, of the style and colour they would choose. Mr. Waterlow's productions struck them for the most part in the same manner as those garments which ladies classify as frights, and they went away with a very low opinion of the young American master. George Flack told them, however, that they couldn't get out of it, inasmuch as he had already written home to the Reverberator that Francie was to sit. They accepted this somehow as a kind of supernatural sign that she would have to; for they believed everything that they heard quoted from a newspaper. Moreover Mr. Flack explained to them that it would be idiotic to miss such an opportunity to get something at once precious and cheap; for it was well known that Impressionism was going to be the art of the future, and Charles Waterlow was a rising Impressionist. It was a new system altogether, and the latest improvement in art. They didn't want to go back, they wanted to go forward, and he would give them an article that would fetch five times the money in a couple of years. They were not in search of a bargain, but they allowed themselves to be inoculated with any reason which they thought would be characteristic of earnest people; and he even convinced them, after a little, that when once they had got used to impressionism they would never look at anything else. Mr. Waterlow was *the man*, among the young, and he had no interest in praising him, because he was not a personal friend: his reputation was advancing with strides, and any one with any sense would want to secure something before the rush.

HENRY JAMES.

(To be continued.)

VIRGIL IN ENGLISH VERSE.

THAT Virgil should be the most translated and the most untranslatable of poets is not wonderful: it is only another way of saying that more than any other poet he kindles in his readers the thirst after expression, the desire of repayment. And yet his supreme magic is, like all supreme qualities, essentially inimitable: *inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes*: they perish, and he remains.

But it is in human nature that translations should continue to be made, since in no other way can the desire come so near being satisfied of saying what we think about Virgil. For a translation is in a sense the sum of the translator's criticism and appreciation of his author: he says in it, in his own words, what effect the original has produced on him. For the perfect translation two qualities would be required: perfect apprehension of the thing translated, and perfect power of putting this apprehension into words; and beyond these two qualities nothing else. Whether a scholar and poet great enough to appreciate Virgil fully would often have time or inclination to translate him, when so many other matters call on him for utterance, were too curious a question. By doing so he would to a certain degree abandon the function of a poet for that of a critic, and poets cannot well be spared for other work. The chances are that a modern poet would only care to translate Virgil in the way in which Virgil himself translated Theocritus or Homer: though Mr. Morris's *Æneid* (which is not only a remarkable poem, but one of the most important criticisms ever made on Virgil) is such an exception as disproves the rule. Conington, in 1861, concluded his review of the English translators of Virgil by pronouncing

it unlikely that the attempt to translate him into verse would be often made in the future, and hinting that sweet were the uses of prose. His judgment that scholars would prefer prose has been signally falsified: it is a small, though possibly a deserved, compliment to scholars to think that they would naturally prefer the inferior to the superior form of language. Conington proceeded forthwith to translate Virgil into verse himself. And since then there have been more partial or complete verse-translations than ever—in blank verse, in heroic couplets, in ballad-couplets, in stanzas; and now by Sir Charles Bowen in a metre which, if not precisely of his own invention, has never been reduced to the same rules and employed on the same scale before.

This metre Sir Charles Bowen considers to be a modification of the English hexameter. It is (if technical language may be allowed for the sake of precision) a rhyming line, in triple measure, containing six stresses, and beginning and ending on a stressed syllable. It corresponds, as exactly as an English can correspond to a Latin metre, to the dactylic pentameter if the first half of the line were full: as if, for example, we were to alter the couplet of Ovid into,

"Et tamen ille tuæ felix *Æneidos* auctor
Contulit in Tyrios simul arma virumque
toros."

It is obvious that a pentameter thus altered would still remain essentially different from a hexameter in rhythmic effect; and if Sir Charles Bowen's verse be spoken of as a hexameter, this must be carefully kept in mind. As an English form of verse it is the same, with one exception (that the line is begun on a

stressed syllable), as that of the earlier sections of *Maud*. But this exception is of capital importance. To understand it, we must consider what may be called the natural quality of English rhythm.

In early English poetry we find the systems of falling and rising rhythm—that is to say, of rhythms in which the stressed syllables precede the unstressed, and rhythms in which the unstressed syllables precede the stressed—both in use and fighting for predominance. The first was combined with an initial, the second with a final assonance. But with *Langland* the former system said its last word. Whether from the effect of the personal genius of Chaucer, from the overpowering authority of French and Italian poetry, or from some inherent quality of the English language, the rising rhythm alone has been since then used for continuous poetical composition: with few exceptions, and these chiefly lyrical, iambic and anapaestic verse have driven out trochaic and dactylic. Partly this is due to the prevalence of rhymed verse: trochaic or dactylic metres imply double or triple rhymes, and to these the English language does not lend itself; while the use of rhyme at all, means that the line rises towards the end and culminates on the last stressed syllable. But even if rhyme be put out of account, the normal, and by this time we may say the necessary, form of blank verse is iambic. Mr. Browning's *One Word More* is a singular instance of the falling trochaic rhythm being chosen, for special reasons, and with the explicit purpose of making a poem different from all other poems; while of dactylic verse ("dactyls, call'st thou 'em!") except for the attempts made to write English hexameters after the Latin model, there is hardly a specimen in our poetry.

Again, there are two forms of six-stressed triple metre natural to English, differing from each other in that one divides the line midway and the

other does not. *Cæsura* properly speaking does not exist in English, and cannot exist in any poetry which is not quantitative.¹ But the effect of a *cæsura* may be obtained by beginning the rhythm anew from a fresh unaccented base in the middle of the line; and this is the only method in English of giving that double movement of fall and rise which is given by the *cæsura* to the Greek and Latin hexameters. The undivided line has no quality in common with the classical hexameter except that of having six stresses; and its movement is so extremely rapid that it can hardly be used except for lyrical poetry. To make the difference more clear, a passage in each metre is added; the one from *Maud*, the other from Mr. Morris's translation of the *Volo-spá*, the creation of Ask and Embla.

"A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore cannot I be
Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland,
When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,
Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land?"

"There were twain, and they went upon earth, and were speechless, unmighty and wan;
They were hopeless, deathless, lifeless, and the Mighty named them Man:
Then they gave them speech and power, and they gave them colour and breath;
And deeds and the hope they gave them, and they gave them Life and Death:
Yea hope, as the hope of the Framers; yea might, as the Fashioners had,
Till they wrought, and rejoiced in their bodies, and saw their sons and were glad:

¹ The word *cæsura* is here used in its strict sense of a break at the end of a half-foot, or, to speak metrically, a division in the line from which the rhythm starts again with reversed stress: thus in a *scenarius* the rhythm goes on from the *cæsural* pause as trochaic, and in a hexameter as anapaestic. In a line of English blank verse there may be a break, but there is no change of rhythm.

And they changed their lives and departed,
and came back as the leaves of the trees
Come back and increase in the summer :—
and I, I, I am of these ;
And I know of them that have fashioned,
and the deeds that have blossomed and
grow ;
But nought of the Gods' repentance, or the
Gods' undoing I know."

The former of these is the verse which Sir Charles Bowen has chosen for his translation ; but with a view of making it like the Latin hexameter he has forbidden himself the use of unaccented opening syllables, and (except when Nature has been too strong for him) makes the line begin uniformly on a stressed syllable so as to give the apparent effect of a falling rhythm.

Against this treatment the English language revolts. The simplest measure of the disastrous difficulties in which it involves the writer is that it makes it impossible to begin a line with an unstressed monosyllable, with any word like "the," "of," or "and." Sir Charles Bowen has employed extreme dexterity in avoiding them. But in spite of all imaginable dexterity it becomes every now and then necessary either to let the metre break down, or to keep it up at the expense of awkward ellipses and asyndeta. Lines like,

"Or when silver or marble is set in the yellow
of gold"—

"May our children for ever preserve its memory
bright"—

"Till our way to the hillock and ancient
shrine we had wrought"—

have only five stresses, not six : lines like,

"When I beheld their serried ranks, their
martial fire"—

"Thine own shade, my sire, thine own dis-
consolate shade"—

"Lest thy bark, of her rudder bereft, and
her helmsman lost,
Might be unequal to combat the wild seas
round her that tossed"—

have no definite rhythm at all ; yet it

is better to have such lines than to write English like,

"Lioness chases the wolf, wolf follows the
goat in her flight,
Frolicking she-goat roves to the cytissus
flower to be fed."

"Enough I suffer of wrong
Home who have once seen plundered, sur-
vived Troy, foes in her heart."

"Tyrians too this festival night to the palace
repair,
Places found them on couches with bright
embroidery fair,
Gaze on the Trojan gifts, on the boy Iulus'
eyes."

This is a grammatical extravagance which may seem slight in a single instance ; but the way in which it recurs on every page jars on the reader's nerves at last, as does the perpetual and wearisome *enjambement* which makes one line end with a weak epithet in order to get the substantive at the beginning of the next.

"Facing the porch, on the threshold itself,
stands Pyrrhus in bright
Triumph, with glittering weapons, a flashing
mirror of light."

"Tramples on law divine, Polydorus slays,
and with bold
Hand on the treasure seizes."

Ibi omnis effusus labor : against such inherent vice of metre the brilliant merits of this translation contend fruitlessly.

It is hardly possible to determine theoretically what form of English verse is most suited for translating Virgil : the best will no doubt be that in which the best translation is made. But it is possible to state certain general principles. No form of verse which is not of the first rank, which has not been carried by skill and practice somewhere near perfection, can ever hope to convey anything of Virgil's great distinction of mastery, of the perfect smoothness, the jewel-finish of his workmanship. And (dactylic verse in English being out of the question) no metre but an iambic one can hope to reproduce his stateliness and equability of move-

ment. These long smooth anapaests are before all things rapid. Now Virgil can be rapid when he chooses; but rapidity is the last word that one would think of applying to the typical Virgilian line. Aristotle calls the Homeric hexameter, "the stateliest of verses." In Latin hands it acquired a still greater stateliness, a more weighty and majestic movement; and with Virgil it is beyond all rivalry, "the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man." It is worth observing that, in the poem where these words occur, Lord Tennyson has seized its quality with extraordinary art, by using an immensely long line where the insertion of a full foot in place of a *cæsura* makes the verse fall apart in a surge and recoil like that of the hexameter itself. Against the English hexameter properly so called the case has long ago gone by default. The fact that an English sentence may naturally fall into hexameter-rhythm (as in "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!") proves nothing, "for it is also likely that many unlikely things should happen." Nor does it prove much more that there are a few Elizabethan hexameters of great beauty,¹ or that in the hands of an eminent master of language it is even now possible, as Mr. Arnold has proved in his *Lectures on Translating Homer*, to render a short passage into lines which shall have something of the force and dignity of the original. It remains true, after all is said, that a metre depending on quantity and *cæsura* for its very essence is not natural in a language which possesses neither. Sir Richard Fanshawe's noble translation of the fourth *Aeneid* into Spenserian verse

¹ Perhaps the most graceful ever written are those of Greene.

"Days in grief and nights consumed to think
on a goddess,
Broken sleeps, sweet dreams but short from
the night to the morning."

Nothing could be better than this; but it is only a *tour de force* after all.

probably shows the utmost that can be done with that stanza. One quotation may be given from it (*Æn* iv. 420-434),

"Yet try for me this once; for only thee
That perjured soul adores, to thee will
show
His secret thoughts: thou, when his seasons be
And where the man's accessible, dost know.
Go, sister, meekly speak to the proud foe:
I was not with the Greeks at Aulis sworn
To raze the Trojan name, nor did I go
'Gainst Ilium with my fleet, neither have
torn
Anchises' ashes up from his profaned urn.

"Why is he deaf to my entreaties? whither
So fast? It is a lover's last desire
That he would but forsake me in fair
weather,
And a safe time. I do not now aspire
To his broke wedlock-vow, neither require
He should fair Latium and a sceptre leave:
Poor time I beg, my passions to retire,
Truce to my woe; nor pardon, but re-
prieve,
Till griefs, familiar grown, have taught me
how to grieve.

A verse that can be so handled, that can keep balance and dignity while following with extraordinary closeness the structure and diction of the Latin, cannot be dismissed lightly. But any stanza-verse is under heavy disadvantages as compared with a verse which is continuous. It is in blank verse, and in it only, that the greatest rhythmical effects in English have been attained; but who can write blank verse?—hardly three men in a century. A long passage from the eighth *Aeneid* rendered into admirable blank verse by Cowper stands as yet almost alone. Next to it, in the technical perfection to which it has been carried, comes the decasyllabic couplet; and in this it is possible that the last word will be said. Stateliness and sweetness, Virgil's two great qualities, it is capable of to any degree; nor is there any other metre which admits such variety of treatment. From the pastoral couplet of Browne to the

heroic couplet of Dryden it covers as great a range as the Latin hexameter. In the hands of Keats it reached a subtlety and complexity of harmony comparable to that of Virgil in his earlier work. "Lamia leaves on my ear," says Mr. F. T. Palgrave, "an echo like the delicate richness of Virgil's hexameter in the Eclogues: the note of his magical inner sweetness is, in some degree, reached upon a different instrument"; and Mr. Frederic Myers, whose fragments of Virgilian translation are only disappointing from their scantiness, has shown how it may be adapted to a periodic structure with something approaching the fluidity of blank verse itself. There is some advantage, in dealing with Virgil, of getting a line which shall more or less correspond in length to his; and with the heroic couplet it is true that one line of the English is, as a rule, too little for one line of the Latin, and two are too much. But the disadvantage is more apparent than real. It is not on his single lines that Virgil depends: it is on his single phrases, his "lonely words." *Vobis parva quies—absens absentem auditque videtque—nilil o tibi amice relictum—dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos*: it is in such phrases as these, full of strange depths of music, of half-tones and melancholy cadences, rather than in the great rhetorical single lines, that the peculiar charm of Virgil lies.

Nor is that translation necessarily the best which keeps most to the outward form of the original. If the office of a poetical translation be to reproduce that effect on the reader which the original has produced on the translator, a hundred influences must intervene, and the effect come through strange channels of association. Take the great line twice spoken in the Iliad, once by Glaucus in the sixth book, once by Nestor in the eleventh, αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπέρροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλον—how does Pope deal with it? Here are the two passages from his translation.

"Hippolochus survived; from him I came
The honoured author of my birth and name;

By his decree I sought the Trojan town,
By his instructions learn to win renown,
To stand the first in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race."

"We then explained the cause on which we came,
Urged you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.

Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave,
Peleus said only this—'My son, be brave.'"

It is not necessary to determine which of these is the better translation, the two couplets or the two words. The important point is, that both the gorgeous rhetorical amplification of the one and the concentrated brevity of the other give just that lifting of the heart which the single line of Homer gives with the incomparable Homeric simplicity. Or, to return to Virgil: stateliness and sweetness are his unfailing qualities, the qualities in which he excels all other poets: a translation which should keep these qualities need not trouble itself much about lesser matters. The standard of accuracy required has risen, of its own accord as it were, to such a point that it can take care of itself. Conington's translation in this respect set a standard for all the future. No one would tolerate now, for the sake of any vigour or dignity, such swinging carelessness, such school-boy scholarship as Dryden's; but just for that reason, we are safe against any one making the attempt on so slender a base of knowledge, or with such contempt for the outward form of Virgil, as Dryden did. Mr. Morris, who alone has given the Virgilian sweetness, as Dryden alone has given the Virgilian stateliness, keeps as closely to the original as Conington himself; and now Sir Charles Bowen has shown that even greater accuracy in this respect is possible. But to produce a translation which should hold the field, not only the standard of accuracy set by modern scholarship,

but also the standard of stateliness set by Dryden and the standard of sweetness set by Mr. Morris, have become essential for all the future. Two examples will illustrate this. The first is Dryden's, the second Mr. Morris's translation of *Æneid* vi. 450-466,

"Not far from these, Phœnician Dido stood,
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bathed in blood;
Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,
Doubtful as he who sees, through dusky night,
Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light,
With tears he first approached the sullen shade;
And, as his love inspired him, thus he said:

"Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
Of rumour true, in your reported death,
And I, alas! the cause?—By heaven I vow,
And all the powers that rule the realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
Commanded by the gods, and forced by Fate,
Those gods, that Fate, whose unresisted might
Has sent me to these regions void of light,
Through the vast empire of eternal night.
Nor dared I to presume that, pressed with grief,
My flight should urge you through this dire relief.
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows!

'Tis the last interview that Fate allows!"

"Midst whom Phœnician Dido now, fresh from the iron bane,
Went wandering in that mighty wood: and when the Trojan man
First dimly knew her standing by amid the glimmer wan—
E'en as in earliest of the month one sees the moon arise,
Or seems to see her at the least in cloudy drift of skies—
He spake, and let the tears fall down by all love's sweetness stirred:
'Unhappy Dido, was it true, that bitter following word,
That thou wert dead, by sword hadst sought the utter end of all?
Was it thy very death I wrought? Ah! on the stars I call,
I call the Gods and whatso faith the nether earth may hold,
To witness that against my will I left thy field and fold!

But that same bidding of the Gods, whereby e'en now I wend
Through dark, through deserts rusty-rough, through night without an end,
Drive me with doom. Nor held my heart in anywise belief
That my departure from thy land might work thee such a grief.
O stay thy feet! nor tear thyself from my beholding thus.
Whom fleest thou? this word is all that Fate shall give to us."

Sir Charles Bowen translates the same passage thus:

"Fresh from her death-wound still, here Dido, the others among,
Roamed in a spacious wood. Through shadow the chieftain soon
Dimly discerned her face, as a man, when the month is but young,
Sees, or believes he has seen, amid cloudlets shining, the moon.
Tears in his eyes, he addressed her with tender love as of old:
'True then, sorrowful Dido, the messenger fires that told
Thy sad death, and the doom thou soughtest of choice by thy hand!
Was it, alas! to a grave that I did thee!
Now by the bright
Stars, by the Gods, and the faith that abides in realms of the Night,
'Twas unwillingly, lady, I bade farewell to thy land.
Yet, the behest of Immortals,—the same which bids me to go
Through these shadows, the wilderness mire and the darkness below,—
Drove me imperiously thence, nor possessed I power to believe
I at departing had left thee in grief thus bitter to grieve.
Tarry, and turn not away from a face that on thine would dwell;
'Tis thy lover thou fleest, and this is our last farewell!"

Certainly one cannot borrow the famous formula and say that Sir Charles Bowen's translation would be better if he had taken more pains. The more one studies it, the more one is impressed by the delicate and unwearying labour that has been spent upon it, by his fine and conscientious scholarship, by the persistency with which he has striven to give Virgil's very turns of expression. In one matter indeed he has allowed himself an unfortunate laxity. For Virgil, more than for most poetry, the metre, whichever be chosen, should be adhered to with rigorous accuracy.

Sir Charles Bowen has started on a basis of rhymed couplets, but in his arrangement of rhymes he uses extreme licence. Triplets, quatrains, various combinations of five, of six, and even of seven-lined stanzas, break into the couplet-system so freely that one is never sure what rhyme is to come next. Systems of irregularly grouped rhymes may be employed with exquisite effect in lyrical poetry; and indeed in the Eclogues, where (as in the songs of Theocritus) there is always something of a lyrical note, he often uses them with great beauty. But in an epic it is another matter. Thus in *Æneid* vi. 637-665, the thirty lines of his translation are made up as follows: a stanza of five lines, a couplet, a quatrain, a couplet, a quatrain, a stanza of seven lines, a couplet, a quatrain. Mr. Swinburne's recent freak of writing a whole scene of a tragedy in sonnets¹ is hardly more violent than this. Yet if any adverse criticism be allowable, it is rather over-elaboration, never carelessness, that must be laid to his charge; as though he had occasionally forgotten, in his minute study of the language, that Virgil is in the first place a poet, and that "the facility and golden cadence of poesy" are the first qualities at which a translator must aim. Virgil's security of workmanship was so great that he could say anything: by a strange magic the commonest words, the most prosaic expressions, became poetical from the mere fact that he used them. But it does not follow that a translator may say anything.

"Anon each mariner brave
Bakes in the fire, then crushes, his barley
snatched from the wave."

Virgil, *hordea qui dixit*, might speak (though he does not) of snatching barley: a translator does so at his own peril.

"Second in order of honour the brave who
sundered her chains,
He who spitted the pole with his feathered
reed is the last."

¹ *Loecrine*, Act i. sc. 2.

This is grotesque, and Virgil is never grotesque. And alongside of this is the other fact, which must always be the despair of a translator, that Virgil had a greater power than any other poet ever has had of saturating his language with second meanings, as some precious stones are full of under-lights. A translator has often to make his choice between leaving these out altogether or dragging them to the surface; in either case the magic is gone. "All but the grieving queen;" how much too little for the splendid and sombre cadence of the *At non infelix animi Phoenix*! "Sach is the bees' sweet fever in summer's earliest prime;" how much too much for the two simple words, *ferret opus*, of the Latin! Yet Sir Charles Bowen has often caught the golden mean, nay even the golden cadence:

"Hesper from Oeta's summit for thee sails
into the night":

the feeling of the "lonely word" in *tibi deserit Hesperus Etam* could not be more admirably rendered. Or again,

"Maenalus ever has forests that sing to him;
ever a sigh
Speaks in his pines,"—

or

"Memory even of this may be joy in the
distant years,"

or a passage where the liquid flow of the Latin is given with great beauty, (*Æn.* iv. 522-527)

"Now was the night. Tired limbs upon
earth were folded to sleep,
Silent the forests and fierce sea-waves; in
the firmament deep
Midway rolled heaven's stars; no sound on
the meadows stirred;
Every beast of the field, each bright-lued
feathery bird
Haunting the limpid lakes, or the tangled
briary glade,
Under the silent night in sleep were peace-
fully laid."

Such lines as these almost make one believe in the possibility of the metre.

To us, as to all the world since Virgil's time, Latin poetry means what

Virgil made it; and it is not without difficulty that we can put ourselves back in the pre-Virgilian period, the pre-Virgilian habit of mind. Surprise has often been expressed that by the publication of the *Eclogues* Virgil should at once have obtained a success of enthusiasm which has hardly a parallel in literature. Ten short pieces, full of confused learning and of halting allegory; where the scenery is an impossible combination of Mantua, of Sicily, of Arcadia; where the manners of country and court are mixed up in hopeless confusion; where line after line is translated, and sometimes positively mis-translated, from Theocritus; how should these poems have produced so extraordinary an effect? But the more we study them, the more that "magical inner sweetness" overcomes us: the more clearly we see that this was indeed a new thing in the world. Between the *Idyls* and the *Eclogues* a change has taken place comparable to the change in the twilight of a summer night between evening and morning: insensibly we have left one world, and entered upon another. The outlines are the same, even to those of the light clouds in the sky; but over all the face of Nature there has come a new spirit. All the wide and undefinable meaning included in the word romance suddenly breaks upon us. *Atque utinam ex vobis unus, vestrique fuisset!* the cry of the whole world, the sadness and beauty of life, has at last in words like these found perfect expression. It is this note of infinite tenderness, the same which later in the *Georgics* told of the lover's madness, "to be forgiven surely, if Death knew forgiveness," the same which later in the *Æneid* spoke of "the tears of things," that made Virgil from the first a new interpreter of life, a voice of one who knows all that may be known of sorrow and of hope. "Perhaps this is the reason," to quote Cardinal Newman's words, for in one sentence he has summed up the deepest Virgilian criticism, "of the medieval opinion about Virgil, as if a prophet

or magician; his single words and phrases, his pathetic half-lines, giving utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time."

The greatest Greek literature has a perfection of form which has never been equalled; but that perfection is so consummate, and attained by means so simple, that it almost conceals itself, becoming dark with excess of brightness. The words seem to have fallen into their place inevitably: there is no trace of labour: it is as though what they saw or felt put itself into language by instinct and without effort. Beside Homer or Sophocles at their highest, even Milton, even Virgil sounds heavy and artificial.

Ἐπεὶ πέπρακται πᾶν τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ καλῶς,
χωρῶμεν.

so Sophocles says, and the terrible simplicity, the superhuman serenity of the words awes us into silence. With Dante again, as with Pindar, who stands alone among the Greeks, style is a passion. He flings himself upon style with a vehemence that makes everything go down before it: his language is raised as it were to a white heat, and burns where it touches. But Virgil is the perfect artist, dealing considerably with a difficult matter, melting a reluctant language in the sevenfold furnace of an intense imagination, forging and tempering, retempering and reforging, till the last trace of imperfection disappears. The finished work carries the result of all the labour, but it is transformed into beauty. In Milton alone is there another instance of such superb continuity of workmanship, such ardour of genius fusing immense masses of intractable material and sustaining itself, by sheer force of style, at a height which is above danger, secure in its own strength. But the tenderness and sweetness of Virgil, *come colui che piange e dice*, is all his own. And to us it has come charged with the added sweetness of a thousand

memories: the wreck of the ancient world, the slow reconstruction of the Middle Ages, the vast movement of later times. The fanatical self-reproaches of Saint Augustine hardly conceal the stirring of heart with which he looks back to the clinging enchantment of the *Aeneid*; and we may fancy that as he lay dying in Hippo, the clamour of the siege and the cries of Genseric and his Vandals mingled in his mind with the old unforgotten romance of his boyhood, the siege and sack of Troy, *equus ligneus plenus armatis, et Trojæ incendium, atque ipsius umbra Creusæ*.¹ The earliest dawn of new light upon England found Bede, in his northern monastery, making timid attempts to copy the music of the Eclogues. Throughout the Middle Ages Virgil was a beneficent wizard, a romance-writer and a sorcerer, his name recurring strangely among all the greatest names of history or fable. To the scholarship of the Renaissance he

became a poet again, but still Prince of poets, still with something of divine attributes. For us, who inherit from all these ages, he is the gathered sunn of what to all these ages he has been. But it is as a voice of Nature that he now appeals to us most; as a voice of one who in his strength and sweetness is not too steadfastly felicitous to have sympathy with human weakness and pain. Through the imperial roll of his rhythm there rises a note of all but intolerable pathos; and in the most golden flow of his verse he still brings us near him by a faint accent of trouble. This is why he beyond all other poets is the Comforter; and in the darkest times, when the turmoil within or around us, *confusæ sonus urbis et illætabile murmur*, seems too great to sustain, we may still hear him saying, as Dante heard him in the solemn splendour of dawn on the Mountain of Purgatory: "My son, here may be agony, but not death; remember, remember!"

¹ Aug. Conf. I. xiii. 4.

BURFORD.

On a wild March morning, gray with long banks of lowering cloud, we came over a bare ridge with hardly a tree in sight—the very hedgerows had been succeeded by stone walls. Long weary fields of poor, thin land rose and fell in low, even slopes to the horizon on either hand. The very road itself seemed to become poorer and thinner as it dipped sharply over the hill, and pointed at the white, dusty-looking walls and gray roofs of a little huddling town. The only mark of interest at that distance was a broad Perpendicular church, with a stout, grave spire lying out to the right; the town or village climbing on the left nearly to the top of the hill, and descending to the prosperous brimming stream that moved silently down the centre of the valley.

It did not look as if it would yield many memories to take away, that little town. It looked not so much remote from the world as limping behind it, like fashion-plates of the Exhibition year: it did not seem, from the top of the hill, old enough to be quaint, or retired enough to be simple-minded.

As the road began to pass between houses—low and mean enough, sometimes even deserted—came our first surprise; a magnificent Jacobean mansion (or early Georgian), three stories high, with a huge flight of steps up to the door, heavy frowning cornices and massive balustrades. So important indeed was it, with its three windows on each side of the door and its faint suggestion of oaken panelling within, that a prolonged scrutiny became necessary. Behind it, in among the houses and up along the hill, lay a tall walled garden with cedars and cypresses peeping over in sombre curiosity, and a quaint pavilion just

visible. The habitation of some ancient race of petty squires, justices of the peace, fresh-faced gentlemen, such as we see in old sporting-pictures, hunting three days a week over the long, low hills, and imbibing good port with plenty of fine local talk,—like Ulysses in Ithaca, lords of a small domain. Is it only this distance from us, the consciousness that they are gone and will never come again to perplex us with their ways and deafen us with their noise, that inspires a kindly feeling for those roystering Georgian squires? The thought of them seems to bring a momentary sense of relief from the self-consciousness of modern days. We ourselves, lingering here opposite to the old comfortable house, are but an uneasy contrast to the old squire whom one can fancy standing on those steps to sniff the wind, and who would have cordially despised from the bottom of his heart one who could idle there thinking gentle thoughts, such as, God help him, he was never troubled with, about a race with whom he had so little in common.

Then, as the houses grow thicker, it becomes more and more evident that we are in an old-world town. Among the walls crop up quaint hood-mouldings and corbels, old archways filled with wrinkled oaken doors, curious grotesque heads of kings and devils extruded from mouldering eaves; till we turn the corner and find ourselves in a broad street, or rather marketplace, half a mile in length, suggesting immemorial horse-fairs and crowded with all manner of quaint, incongruous houses, some, like the aforesaid Georgian mansion, retiring a little behind excellent ironwork. We note too some peaked Gothic gables, and not a few Elizabethan bow-windows—

notably those of the old inn opposite, mullioned and diamond-paned. Then we loiter into a decayed coaching inn, under a broad, square archway, through which many a four-in-hand, Highflyer or Swallow, must have rattled merrily enough—now, alas! nothing but a depot of the Cyclist's Touring Club.

Mine host is lounging under the archway, inclined to grumble genially at the general decay of valuable institutions, and the lamentable want of progress so characteristic of the age. He tells us that he has held the house for many years and paid no rent at all—yet he would be glad if we would take it off his hands on the same terms! “No one comes to Burford now,” he says. “Maybe you passed a big house in the town on the Oxford road?” “We did indeed.” “That lets for twenty-five pounds a year—stabling for eight horses!”

We are served in a big, high room, adorned with stuffed foxes and hawks, by an ancient wench with frizzled hair in curl-papers. She, the host tells us, can remember the good old days when Burford had a race-meeting, which His Majesty George the Third did them the honour to attend, and can remember seeing the King stand in the street with his hat off to the loyal crowd, with his protruding, heavy-lidded eyes and face the colour of new blotting-paper. That was when insanity had washed the mischief out of him, and he was able to confine himself to his healthy domestic life, like the stiff, honest country gentleman that he was. Poor old king! he never discovered that principle extended beyond the limits of private life: public conscience was an unknown possibility to him. He strolled about Burford that day and admired the town, somewhat in the style of the memorable scene at Gloucester, when he went down before breakfast to see the bridge, followed by a gaping throng. “Well, my lads, so this is Gloucester new bridge?” said he.

“Yes, your Majesty.” “Why, then, let's have a huzzay!” after which

intellectual treat he went quietly home to breakfast!

And this is Burford, with its ancient corporate privileges identical with Oxford, with its Council and Burgesses: a town that has fallen as completely out of date as its antique custom of carrying a dragon round the town on midsummer-eve to commemorate some immemorial Saxon slaughter, when a banner with a gold dragon was among the spoils.

The quietest spot on one of the circle of hills is still called Battle Edge, and is occupied by a little farm; and yet it is not so long ago since bones and coins were ploughed up, and a confused mass of rusted metal and rotten ash-staves that was perhaps a trophy-heap of spears. Since then wholesale slaughter has kept very much out of sight there. Death has made his visits here as elsewhere; but he has made them respectfully, with the Doctor and the Parson, the hatband and the gray headstone.

As we stroll down the village the sun comes out and lights up the irregular house-fronts with a genial beam. Halfway down, a little side street of low, quaint houses gives a view of a great entrance-gate and a stone wall. On the top of one gate-post a lion still ramps, and the ironwork still hangs on its hinges; but the other post is down, dislodged by some biting frost. The poor lion lies unregarded, dismembered: seven or eight yards, too, of wall are down, and so ancient is the breach that there is a regular right of way into the little park beyond. “What is that?” we say. “The old Manor, sir.” That must certainly be visited; and so we too pass in through the breach and stand below the elms and sycamores through which the grass-grown drive winds up.

Shades of the romantic, what a house!—a gabled manor with tall oriels, all overgrown with ivy. Over the door is the great Warwick shield supported by the two bears with ragged staves. In some of the windows the diamond-panes still linger:

through others you can see into deserted rooms, where the paper still hangs in shreds upon the wall: through others you see only the sky. The old house is settling to its doom: there is an ugly crack across its face, and the corner gable is at a sinister slope. To the right goes a low terraced walk, finishing in a chapel, built in that wonderful mixture of Renaissance and Gothic, almost flamboyant, of which Saint Mary's portico at Oxford with its twisted pillars is an instance. Fragments of stained glass hang in the clumsy tracery of the window, and a great snake-like branch of ivy thrusts out of the rose-window at the eastern end. The roof bows and gapes with many a rent: the floor is covered with beds of rotting leaves: behind it stretch old orchard-closes and walled gardens, where neither fruit nor flowers grow, up to a little dense wood. The whole place is a silent vision of ancient decaying splendour. In truth this old house has had strange vicissitudes. Built, as the armorial lintel shows, by the old earls of Warwick, it came by purchase into the possession of the Lord Chief Justice Tanfield in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Tanfield's daughter and heiress married the first Lord Falkland; but the old judge, a man of irascible temper, disapproving of the match, passed over both his daughter and son-in-law in his will, and left the place together with an estate at Great Tew near Oxford to his grandson, the famous Lord Falkland.

When young Lucius Cary, as he was then called, made a match with the sister of his idealised friend Sir Charles Morrison, his father, Lord Falkland, who had destined him to some higher and wealthier connection, first endeavoured to reason him out of his folly; and then in obstinate soldierly fashion gave him to understand that as he could not punish him in any more material way (seeing that he had already succeeded to his grandfather's estates), he would have noth-

ing more to do with either of them. Young Cary, passionately faithful to his father, had never meant to be undutiful; but he was firm about his marriage. To show his dutifulness, however, and to give his father the opportunity of chastening him if he wished, he offered to give up the two estates, and actually had a deed of gift prepared, which the angry father indignantly refused.

After this Falkland settled at Great Tew to his life of scholastic leisure, attracted by the proximity of Oxford. We do not hear of his living at Burford, though he was no doubt often there, as it is within easy riding distance of Tew. But it was at Tew that his court of intellect was held, where every friend of the host might arrive and order his room and dinner, might come and go unknown to any one. Falkland was a figure that politicians cannot afford to forget. He was not particularly clear-headed—what politicians are?—but he carried into his business an utter unselfishness, a wholesome fire, and an intensity of feeling for principle which already seem characteristic of an older world.

From Falkland's heirs the estate at Burford passed to a man of very different type—William Lenthall, Master of the Rolls, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Speaker of a House of Commons quite as enthusiastic as, and probably more irritating even than that body at the present time. Why he was chosen it is hard to say. He was not very wise or popular, being a timid and cautious politician with no particular views of his own. The only remarkable thing about him indeed seems to have been his talent for amassing money, and his anxiety to conceal the fact; thus this very estate was obtained under an assumed name. His later life, we are told, was spent in arranging his huge revenues, and whatever he touched turned to gold. He purchased Burford of Falkland's heirs for seven thousand pounds, and found

it worth twice the money. All his speculations answered: the reversions he bought fell in to him speedily: he made money because he could not help it.

He had been present at some striking scenes, this money-making Speaker. It was he who was sitting under the painted canopy on that memorable day when the House was proposing to disband the army, and was on the point of coming to a vote. Suddenly, in upon their deliberations, without noise, marched that terrible figure, king of the realm in fact if not in name, with his broad, red, seamy face, his narrow linen band, his stiff black clothes and gray worsted stockings, and took his seat in ominous silence by St. John.

Presently, as Vane was speaking, Cromwell turned to St. John. "I am come to do that," he said, "which grieves me to the very soul, and that I have earnestly with tears prayed to God against—nay, I had rather be torn in pieces than do it, but there is a necessity laid upon me therein, in order to the glory of God and the good of the nation." To this sinister speech St. John, much mystified, said courteously that he knew not what he meant, but prayed it might have a happy issue for the general good.

As Vane's eloquence waxed higher, Cromwell became more and more restless, till suddenly he beckoned Harrison. "Now is the time," he said: "I must do it." "Sir," said Harrison anxiously, "the work is very great and dangerous." "You say well," answered Cromwell, and was silent for a quarter of an hour more, not, it may be confidently said, with any change of purpose, but with angry agitation, till Vane sate down and Lenthall, looking apologetically at Cromwell, rose to put the question.

Then the great man stood up, and put off his hat, and spoke. Heavens! what a speech in the Hall of Liberty! "Your time is come," he said, after a long invective. "The Lord hath done with you: he hath chosen other instru-

ments that are more worthy. It is the Lord hath taken me by the hand and set me on to do this thing." Members rose everywhere in their seats, but he would not suffer them to speak. "You think perhaps" he said, "that this is not parliamentary language. I know it—but expect no other from me."

Lenthall, half-paralysed by emotion, at last obtained a hearing for Wentworth, who unflinchingly gave Oliver one of the hardest downright raps he had ever received in public. He expressed himself horrified at the style of speech; "and it was the more horrid," he said, "as proceeding from their servant, whom they by their unprecedented bounty had made what he was." Then, "Come, come, we have had enough of this," said the Protector, springing into the centre of the house. "I'll put an end to your prating. Call them in!" And the file of musketeers entered, dropping their weapons with an ominous rattle on the floor. Then he turned on the poor Speaker. "Fetch him down," he said to Harrison, pointing contemptuously to the chair. Lenthall had just enough dignity to refuse. "Take him down!" said the tyrant. Harrison went up and laid his hand on the sleeve of his gown, and he came down. By this time Cromwell had burst out into a torrent of coarse abuse, hurling hard names right and left till the place was clear. "It is you," he said, "that have forced me to this, for I have sought the Lord night and day that he would rather slay me than put upon me the doing of this work." A fine chastened temper that, for the cleanser of the shrine! Then he put the Bill under his cloak and went out, locking the door, on which next morning the contemptuous notice appeared, "This house to be let unfurnished."

Lenthall went down to Burford to recruit his shattered nerves. It is probable that the tones of the second, "Take him down," rang somewhat vividly in his ears, as he sate arrang-

ing his revenues and looking out into the sunny valley. He never played a public part in the world again. At the Restoration he was spared, but in an uncomplimentary manner, as a man whom it was hardly worth while to waste death or dishonour upon; and indeed, in requesting as he did that his only epitaph might be *Vermis sum*, he seems to have shown a sympathetic insight into his own character. He made somewhat of an edifying end, described in a couple of curious authentic letters preserved among Bishop Kennet's papers. Declaring himself a true son of the Church, he confessed his sins, saying that his share in the King's death troubled him: like Saul, he had held the clothes of his murderers, while they despatched him, but, "God, thou knowest! I never consented to his death." After he had been absolved he died in apparent content. He was buried in the church of Burford, but no monument marks his resting-place, and perhaps it is better so.

The church lies at the bottom of the village, a grand, stately, but irregular block with a fine spire: the porch is most noble, with its high niches, groined roof, and wealth of ornament. It is a cross church with transepts, no two parts corresponding. In the centre there is a fine Norman lantern, the low-browed, heavy arch which supports it not rising half as high as the perpendicular nave; thus

from a lofty central aisle you pass beneath the round arch into a dark space under the tower, and out again into a high chancel. In the north transept stands a gorgeous, if barbaric, monument to Tanfield, with a gilt and painted canopy, crowded with obelisks and hour-glasses and quaint Renaissance scrolls. A slow plentiful stream, sliding through water-meadows, forms the boundary of the churchyard. Lower down the houses abut on the water, which is flanked by garden-walls and shady orchard-trees; and so it passes away to Minster Lovel and Sherborne and Northleach, to be absorbed at last in the volume of the Thames.

Such is Burford: a quiet gray town from which, as from the deserted house, life and thought have passed away. Its one fantastic hope of success, attested by ugly burrowings and miles of rubbish, lies buried beneath colt's-foot and fleabane, where some speculative company dug in vain for iron ore. It lies stranded now in this backwater of life, yet none the less lovely for that: a place to pass through, like a dream-city, on a peaceful day: a place that lingers in the memory, ever and again rising before the mind, drawn in neutral tints and loving, peaceful lines, when we have passed away over the hills into the roaring city and all the bewildering hurry of these un leisured modern days.

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.

"THERE'S nothing else for it now : we must leave the dingheys behind and go on in the canoes." Thus Easton, my companion, as he once more surveyed the rapids we had failed for the fifth time to pass in the heavy boats, and signed to the steersman of our craft to run it ashore.

We were making our way to a spot on the banks of the lovely Salween river, whither news of a tiger had attracted us. The place was difficult to reach at all times, utterly inaccessible during the rains and for two months after their cessation, for the great rainfall in Lower Burma swells the rivers to a height that is almost incredible. So the wild jungles of the Tenasserim Yomas are seldom disturbed by any but an occasional Karen hunter, who might fire a shot from his flint-lock perhaps once in ten days.

Now, in December, the swollen river had fallen nearly to its normal level, and we had arrived within ten miles of our destination, after much hard pulling and towing (when the rocky banks would allow of the latter) with frequent reminders of the dangers of our course from the hidden rocks below the surface. The place we had stopped at was a wide basin strewn with gigantic rugged boulders, round which the waters boiled and seethed as if rejoicing in their release from the gloomy rock-bound gorge above the rapid which was now to be the next stage of our journey. Clearly, there was nothing for it but to trust ourselves and our belongings to the Burmese canoes—a prospect I confess I hardly relished after eyeing the grand but turbulent stretch of water and the crank narrow craft in which we were to navigate it.

"Let's breakfast first," I said. "It must be nearly ten o'clock now, and it

will take some time to get the things transferred."

Easton agreed, and whilst we ate our meal the boatmen redistributed the baggage contained in the two dingheys amongst three canoes, in which some care was necessary to stow it safely.

In half an hour we were again under way. Being the slighter man of the two, the smallest canoe fell to my lot ; so seating myself in the bottom (which every five minutes was washed throughout by the water we shipped) I possessed myself of a paddle, and prepared to give as much assistance as could be reasonably expected of a man who had embarked with the conviction that his least movement would inevitably cause an upset.

Four sturdy Burmans manned the canoe, which further contained my kit, my guns in their waterproof cases, and a share of our stores. There was also a decoy-cock, tied by the leg to one of the narrow seats, whose drooping tail and generally dejected look seemed to indicate that he was enjoying the voyage even less than I was. Easton followed in a larger canoe, which apparently leaked more than was conducive to comfort, for I noticed that he knelt in the bottom and was much occupied with a capacious tin bailer he held in both hands. The third carried our servants, two large goats intended as bait for the tiger, and the tent. The last-named luxury Easton insisted on taking, in spite of the risk entailed in conveying so bulky an article in such a boat. It proved valuable however, for the nights were very misty and unusually cold for Burma.

I begin to feel more at ease as we glide up a backwater, past the foam at the foot of the rapid which rushes smoothly down in a wide unbroken

sheet for sixty or seventy yards after leaving the gorge. We are close to it now, and Oo Byike, the old steersman, seated on the upward-curving stern with one muscular leg curled round below it, takes a firmer grasp of his long paddle, and with two plunging downward strokes, which the crew instantly respond to, drives the canoe into the middle of the rapid.

"*Heey, loolah! Hooh youkkya! Hlaw! Hlaw! Hlaw! Heey!* (Hi, men! Hi, lads! Paddle! Paddle! Paddle! Hi!)" he shouts in tones of encouragement. The men chorus a deep-chested *Heey!* and I skin my knuckles against the bulwarks in a wild effort to help with my paddle. The men lean forward and dig with desperate energy into the roaring flood that hisses past the sides of the canoe and rises in a fountain of spray at her bow. No more shouting now: we are well on our way up the rapid and dare not relax our efforts for a moment. The naked backs and arms before me show every sinew taxed to its utmost: with heads down and faces set, the men make their plunging strokes in perfect time and with extraordinary rapidity. We are gaining way steadily but slowly, and I see that if we are to reach the gorge this time it will be without a stroke to spare, so I seize my paddle and work until the perspiration flows freely. "*Thekin Hlawdeh!* (his honour's paddling)" barks Oo Byike behind me. The crew acknowledge the news with renewed efforts, and at length we feel the decreasing power of the current, and reach the pool for which our steersman has been directing our course for the past fifteen minutes.

"*Heeey,*" says Oo Byike, raising his paddle with a sigh of satisfaction. "*Aah,*" echo the crew in a long-drawn breath as they also lay down their paddles to rest. "We could not have done it unless your honour paddled so hard," says Oo Byike to me. The men snigger openly at this bare-faced flattery, but are instantly brought to their bearings by the old

gentleman, who points out in his most impressive way that the canoe behind us has been swept back again; and that the other gentleman has not been paddling at all, which quite accounts for the failure.

The man at the bow finds a cleft in the rock into which he can stick his paddle and so moor the canoe, whilst the others turn to watch how our companions will accomplish the pass we have just overcome. It will take them some time to reach us, so I light a cheroot and study the view. From our nook it is wild and beautiful: the broad brown river swirls past between two rugged walls of rock which, ninety or a hundred feet above, fall back and rise steeply in jungle-clad mountains to the height of three or four thousand feet. Down the stream, across the basin, is a sloping green bank dotted with magnificent timber overgrown with luxuriant flowering creepers. Orchids, with their lovely scentless blossoms, are everywhere on the rocks and trees in wonderful profusion.

The Salween is one of the great highways from the teak forests to the port of Maulmain. Every fissure and resting-place amongst the rocks and boulders is occupied by immense teak logs which the swollen river has left there during the floods. Far out of reach, they lie heaped and piled in confusion, wedged hard and fast, though many look dangerous where they hang over the torrent a hundred feet below. During the south-west monsoon thousands of trunks are floated away up in the distant forests rarely visited by Europeans. Stripped of their bark, and branded all over with a hammer bearing the lessee's private mark, they are drawn to the water's edge by elephants, to be carried away by the rising floods which bear them down to the Government timber-depot two or three hundred miles off, near Maulmain. There they are identified and claimed by the lessee's agent, who pays the fee and removes his timber to ship or sell, as the case may be.

This apparently haphazard method of conducting the trade provides a means of livelihood for numbers of natives, who haunt the river with canoes and ropes to collect the drifting logs; for each of which they receive a reward of eight *annas* at the depot. The marks obviate the likelihood of the timber being stolen by the collectors, who however may sometimes get a windfall in the shape of an unbranded waif. On the upper reaches of the Salween, *kyodans*, enormous cables of bamboos lashed together, are stretched across from bank to bank and skim the surface of the water, arresting and detaining the drifting timber on its downward course. These the watchers at the *kyodan* collect and raft, to send on to the depot and claim the salvage due. Easton, whose knowledge of these matters qualified him to judge, estimated that on our upward voyage we passed a quantity of stranded timber sufficient to supply the Maulmain market (the largest in India) for at least two years. This represented a sum of about one million and a quarter sterling in inaccessible logs! Much of the lumber would of course be borne away by the next floods, which however in their turn would leave more in the same case.

Whilst I have been admiring the prospect and discussing the teak-trade, Easton has succeeded in getting up the rapid, and now runs in alongside my canoe, heated, breathless, and ruffled in temper at the delay. The sun is hot, and the men are exhausted by their efforts to work the boat up, and must have rest before continuing the laborious paddle through the gorge. The servants' canoe is still in the midst of its difficulties and, badly steered, sways about the stream in a manner that every moment threatens its destruction against the rocks.

"They'll lose the goats," says Easton, shading his eyes with his topee: "I wish I'd taken them in my own canoe. Hi, Shway Lee!" he

shouts to his servant, "hold the large goat, he will fall out."

The large goat is rolling about with such violence that Shway Lee has difficulty in securing its legs and throwing it on its back. It is safer that way, for whilst standing it had passed the time making half-hearted attempts to jump overboard.

The canoe eventually arrives in safety, and presently all three crews settle down to paddle again, and continue the slow but trying journey together.

By and by we reach the end of the gorge and emerge upon a wider part of the river, where the current is less powerful, and we can make better progress. From a long stretch of sand which now forms the left bank, we are hailed by some Burmans who have camped there to cut bamboos on the neighbouring hills, and crossing over to hear their tidings we learn that a large tiger (all tigers are large until they are shot!) has visited the locality every night since their arrival a week before. It roars so much that they are afraid and cannot sleep, and hope the white strangers will bring their guns and kill it. We listen to their tale of woe and then run the canoes ashore. No mistake about it: numerous pugs on the sand confirm the bamboo-cutters' news, so the baggage is landed and the tent pitched in the shade of the jungle.

We have landed on a belt of forest which during the monsoon is an island; for behind it there is another broad curving sweep of sand, studded with rocks and pools and strewn with teak logs. Here and there the forest is divided by narrow creeks which mark the course of the river when in flood. Beyond the strip of sand are lofty hills, whose bamboo-covered slopes afford concealment to plentiful game, for sambhur tracks cross and recross the sand in every direction, the edge of one particular pool showing it to be a favourite resort of the deer for their nightly drink.

The place was beyond all doubt the

regular beat of a tiger, probably the one of which Easton had heard the stories that had led to our expedition. Pugs old and recent formed many definite well-trodden paths, one of which ran within a few yards of the bamboo-cutters' hut, though concealed by jungle. He was certainly not far off now, and we congratulated ourselves on our luck in finding him at home.

Returning to camp we find every one hard at work on the construction of a "lean-to" of bamboos and grass, under whose shelter our followers intend to pass the night.

Evening is closing in, and we must delay the arrangement of a plan of campaign until to-morrow, when we can examine the locality. The difficulty of river-transport forbade our bringing cows, and no one could be found willing to seek a path through the jungle by which they might be driven in this direction. Goats are a poor substitute for the larger cattle, as we must sit over them all night, for a tiger would carry off such a mere mouthful as soon as he had killed it. A cow might be left secured in a suitable spot and watched after it was killed, for the tiger would take a bite or two from the throat and leave the carcase until the following day, when he might be expected to return late in the afternoon to his meal. Apparently the tiger rarely kills during the broad daylight, and as seldom eats at night; but I express this opinion with diffidence, as my limited knowledge of the species is confined to purely "game" tigers, who exist solely on deer, &c., and never tax the village cattle-pens for their meat.

There is much difficulty as to the disposal of the goats to-night with "Stripes" in the immediate neighbourhood, and our decision to tether them near the "lean-to" is productive of a good deal of grumbling. Tie up goats close beside poor naked boatmen! Why they will cry all night and when the tiger comes it will certainly take a man instead: not a doubt of it! Near the tent now, would be a much

safer place. However we persuade them that there is no danger (for there really is none), and finally after lighting large fires at four different points round the lean-to, the occupants consent to picket the goats to stakes near it.

The morning breaks cold and misty. Surrounded as we are by mountains the sun cannot fall on our encampment until late; but we were awakened early by the weird howling of the gibbon monkeys which were numerous, though invisible, on the hills across the river. We are soon dressed, and drinking our coffee by the fire round which the men are congregated shivering, with their blankets over their heads.

A tour of inspection is necessary before we can make our arrangements; and previous to starting I recall a hint given me by a well-known *shikari* in India and make up a bundle of clothes—shirt, trousers, and thick coat—in a towel and give it to my servant, Moung Tso, to bury till evening. The earthy smell thus acquired by the clothes renders the presence of humanity less likely to be detected by the tiger.

To find trees adapted for *machans* is our first care, and in such extensive cover the only difficulty is to make a choice. However we soon satisfy ourselves, and after setting some of the men to work, go back to camp and breakfast.

The mist has cleared away and the sun is growing hot: the heat and the glare from the white sand drive Easton into the tent, where he lies smoking until sleep overtakes him.

It would never do to disturb the jungle by shooting to-day, so I called the young Burman, who owned the decoy-cock, and told him we would go and catch jungle-fowl. Proud of the invitation, he armed himself with a bundle of nooses, and taking the decoy carefully under his arm, led the way across the sand into the shade of the bamboo jungle through which he noiselessly and swiftly threaded his way. Presently the crow of a jungle-cock

in the distance brought him to a standstill, and clearing the dead leaves from a space about eight feet in diameter, he drove the peg, to which the decoy was attached by the leg, into the ground and set about placing the snares. Each of these consisted to a piece of wood six inches long, to which an elastic slip of bamboo was neatly spliced. To the tip of the bamboo a plaited horse-hair slip-knot was bound, —the snare, when stuck into the earth, being more than sufficient to withstand the wildest struggles of a jungle fowl. A couple of dozen such nooses were driven in at intervals to completely surround the decoy, but well out of his reach as he strutted round and round his peg scratching amongst the roots and pluming himself.

We retired behind a clump of bushes and sat down to await victims. A loud crow from the decoy was soon answered by one from a cock some way off. Our bird on hearing it stood more upright and seemed to listen for a few seconds before responding, which he did loudly and defiantly. Again the unseen jungle cock crowed: it was evidently approaching the decoy whose excitement was manifest. He tugged at the cord, flapping his wings and calling angrily as he tried to free his leg. As the stranger drew near the interchange of crows became less vigorous, and at last he alighted on the ground with a flutter outside the ring of nooses which were almost invisible from our ambush. With ruffled feathers and outstretched head he manœuvred round the decoy which stood impatiently awaiting his attack. With a shrill cry he came on, straight at the foe, thirsting for battle. Alas for his hopes! A noose tightens round his leg, and bending double with the strain the springy bamboo converts his charge into an ignominious sprawl and whips him back a foot with outspread wings. Plucky little chap, he is up again and with a shake of his firmly entangled leg makes another charge at the excited decoy with the same result. The boy beside me, who

has been watching the proceedings with open-mouthed interest, does not seem in a hurry to complete the capture, but after a poke or two from my stick springs up and seizes the snared cock just as he succumbs to his fourth rush. Fighting his human foe gamely with beak and spurs he is deposited in a bag his captor carries, where he soon gives up struggling and lies motionless.

The common jungle-cock is one of the handsomest birds in India. Resembling a large bantam in shape, with bold upright carriage, splendidly varied plumage and long spurs, he looks a game-cock all over: a determined fighter, he does not know when he is beaten, and I have seen a bird too exhausted to use his spurs seize his opponent by the hackle and cling to it with the tenacity of a bulldog. The Burman enjoys few sports more than this; and in many districts seven paddy-boats out of ten may be seen with the owner's bird on board tied by the leg, for a bout of fighting, if opportunity occurs.

This, however, is not the place to dilate upon the pleasures and excitements of cock-fighting, so we will return to the camp where, having finished dinner, I called on Moung Tso to produce the clothes I had given him in the morning. He received the order and started as if to carry it out, but stopped suddenly with a bewildered look round him. Taking a large splinter of bamboo he knelt down and began to grub, in a speculative uncertain way, in the sand behind the tent: he dug out a few handfuls and paused, rose from his knees, and looking doubtfully about, selected a spot a few paces further on and began another hole. This attempt also proved futile, and Moung Tso, dropping his bamboo, thought hard for at least three minutes without moving. Again he roused himself, and grasping his shovel devoted all his energies to digging a third hole, as if with the unswerving purpose of finding the clothes this time, whether they were there or not. No

result again, and my servant, in a profuse perspiration induced by over-taxed memory and hard work, sat down and rocked himself to and fro in sheer desperation. Then he sprang to his feet and walked hurriedly up and down round the groups of men, round the tent and the fires, his eyes in a steady fixed gaze upon the sand. Once more he paused, and taking a great resolution crawled timidly to my knees, and crouching respectfully on his heels begged for forgiveness. He could *not* find my honour's clothes!

I have told this little incident as an example of the exceedingly casual way in which a native servant performs his work, and not by way of accounting for our want of success that night; for Easton and I, posted in our *machans*, patiently watched our goats until day, undisturbed by the tiger. We have all read the thrilling accounts of successful shooting published in the sporting papers from time to time; but no one obtrudes a record of his monotonous wakeful nights, fruitlessly spent among the gloomy surroundings of the jungle waiting for the tiger that does not come!

Disappointed (perhaps unreasonably) at the tiger's failure to give us a meeting on the night we were prepared for him, we next day decided to let him take his chance, and arranged to spend the approaching night on the outlook for the sambhur which had tempted our guns on the previous one. I selected for my ambush a nook on a low sloping rock, overlooking a large pool round which there were numerous fresh tracks of deer. This nook I had roofed in roughly with khine-grass to keep off the heavy dews, and to assist in concealing me.

It was a lovely moonlight night, clear and cold, when I took up my station shortly after dark, accompanied by a young Karen, to whom I intrusted the responsibility of keeping me awake. Hour after hour we sat there three feet above the level of the sand to which the rock shelved gently down:

the startling bark of a distant deer, the musical ringing call of the bell-bird, and the screaming of insects in the foliage around, were the only signs of life. Cold and chilly the night drew on, whilst on the far side of the pool, well out of range, an occasional sambhur issued from the jungle and stalked solitary and ghost-like across the sand, stopping every dozen yards to sniff the air suspiciously. Wearied and sleepy, I lay back against the rock as a sambhur disappeared for the third time without giving me a shot: my rifle lay across my knees, and some evil spirit prompted me to open the breech, that it might lie more easily upon them.

The moon was sinking, and the white clammy mist came rolling in huge billows down the mountain-side, hiding the trees thirty yards away, and making the night colder and damper with its heavy shroud. Darkness and discomfort have a bad effect on the nerves, and I felt, as I sat there, in no mood for great deeds of daring. Tired and indifferent I had dozed off to sleep, when my companion touched my arm lightly and whispered the single word, *kya* (tiger). I awoke with a start, and looked in the direction indicated. Here he was, coming slowly through the mist, straight towards the rock, with the easy rolling swagger a tiger affects when he is on the prowl. I clutch my rifle and snap the breech. Great heavens! for the first time since I owned the weapon, *it refuses to close!*

The tiger, off which I have not taken my eyes, has reached the foot of the rock, and attracted by my movements, deliberately pauses to gaze at the apparition it beholds. With the useless rifle in my hands, I sit facing it, utterly unable to move, and the Karen, crouched beside me with his head between his knees and his hands clasped above it, is trembling in every limb. The lithe grey-looking form is only six feet from me, and with two short steps can enter the nook and

select either of us at his leisure. The fixed stare of the blazing green eyeballs seems to paralyse me; for fully half a minute—it seemed an hour—he stands there motionless, but at length passes on, still keeping his eyes on me until he disappears round the corner of the rock a few feet away.

Relieved of that appalling stare I breathe more freely, and straining my eyes in the direction I expect the tiger will take, with desperate eagerness exert all my strength to close the breech of the rifle. I can feel no obstruction, for it is of course too dark to see, but it will not close, and I pause—to see once more that mesmeric gaze fixed upon me!

Dissatisfied with his first scrutiny, the tiger has passed round the rock and returned to repeat it. It is sickening. Helpless and dazed, I sit there blankly returning the steadfast stare that so perfectly unnerves me. This interview lasts longer than the first: I cannot close my eyes even if I would. The perspiration streams down my face, and I feel the cold drops trickling slowly down my back. How I curse the brute for his calm dispassionate gaze! How I curse my own folly in not having selected a tree to shoot from! For now, though I am shaking all over, a strange defiant feeling is creeping over me, and—thank God! the tiger once more turns away, and this time quietly takes the path towards the opposite jungles, disappearing into the fog-wrapped night. Gone! and I lie back and give way to a fit of “cold shivers,” such as I have never felt before, and for half an hour I see nothing but eyes, round, fierce, glaring green eyes, wherever I turn my own.

No daybreak surely was ever so long delayed as that we now anxiously wait for, but it comes at length, and cramped and shivering I hasten to examine the rifle. A small, but thick fleshy leaf had found its way into the “grip” action, and, crushed though it was, the stringy fibres refused to allow the close fitting mechanism to work. The Karen who is watching me murmurs in Burmese, “witchcraft,” and after the night I have just passed through I am more than half inclined to agree with him.

We dragged ourselves back to camp, and at once organised a party to follow up the pugs, but our chase was useless: we neither saw nor heard anything of that tiger again during our stay.

Curiously enough, only two weeks afterwards information was brought to Easton that a Karen who had selected that identical rock to shoot sambhur from, had been pounced upon and carried off by a tiger as he left his hiding-place just before daylight. Screams were heard by his brother, who occupied a safe position near, and on going to the spot at sunrise, he found the gun and bag belonging to his hapless relative on the sand. Tiger pugs and a few blood-marks told the silent tale, and not a vestige of the unfortunate man's body, or even of his clothing, was ever found by the friends who made search for his remains. Easton's informant added with grave simplicity: “The white face of your friend was new to the tiger: on that account he escaped.”

My story is told. I have met tigers in various circumstances since, but of none have I so vivid a recollection as the one whose visit I have attempted to describe in this paper.

ROBESPIERRE'S LOVE.

THE monster of Prairéal had a love. "The sea-green one," as the fussy, florid Madame de Staël first called him, and as Carlyle by dint of constant repetition has taught us all to call him, was beloved of a woman. Éléanore Duplay was the second daughter of Maurice Duplay, Robespierre's host in the little house in the Rue St. Honoré, where he lived with two short exceptions from July 17th, 1791, until his terrible death in 1794. Her father was not exactly a poor cabinet-maker, or joiner as Thiers has it. He was a self-made man, it is true, born at St. Didier la Seauve in the Lyonnais, fifty years before the Revolution, who by energy in his business had acquired some fifteen thousand livres a year in house property, and lived in the better end of the Rue St. Honoré not very far from its junction with the Rue Royale. The district has been very considerably altered since the Revolution. It was then a block of buildings bounded on the north by the Boulevard de la Madeleine (then generally known as the Boulevard Rempart), on the west by the Rue Royale (also called the Rue Rempart), on the east by the Rue de Luxembourg and on the south by the Rue St. Honoré. The convent of the Conception faced the Rue Luxembourg, and its gardens stretched immediately behind the houses in the Rue St. Honoré of which Duplay's was one. The convent is now gone, and the whole block of buildings has been intersected by the Rue Duphot. The Rue de Rivoli had not then been constructed, and the Rue St. Honoré was still the main thoroughfare between east and west Paris north of the river. Duplay's house was No. 366: a new house was built on the site in 1816 and is numbered

398. The old house in which Robespierre lived was one of those curious structures with a carriage-gate and a courtyard inside, which may still be seen in the Quartier St. Germain. At one end of the courtyard was a shed for storing wood, and little gardens, some twenty feet square altogether, partitioned off between Duplay's five children: at the other end was the workshop. The windows of the dwelling house looked out on the courtyard on one side, and on the other on the garden of the convent. The situation was of course eminently convenient to Robespierre. It was within five minutes walk of the Jacobins Club, and not much further from the meeting place of the Convention in the Tuileries, or of the Committee of Public Safety in the Place du Carrousel. He lived in the house of Duplay, as has been said, for the most stirring period of his life, insisting on making a payment for his lodging, which Duplay very unwillingly received. The daughter Éléanore, was in the last year of Robespierre's life about twenty-five, he being then barely thirty-five. The story of their love has nothing in it so softly poetical as the love of Camille Desmoulins and his Lucile. There is no monument of it remaining so boisterously passionate as the love-letters of Mirabeau to Sophie. But as the picture of the softer side of a man who is not commonly supposed to have had any human weakness, except vanity, in his composition, the story of Maximilian Robespierre and the woman who was betrothed to him may be worth telling. I have tried to make her tell it in two letters to a friend in La Vendée. The friend is imaginary; but there is no assertion in *Mdlle. Duplay's* story which

cannot be supported by evidence of undoubted authenticity.

I.

RUE HONORÉ, 366,
19 Nîrose, An II.
[January 8th, 1794.]

OH MY POOR JEANNETTE! How I pity you in these terrible times in your mad province! Now that Kléber has been so victorious at Le Mans [December 12th 1793] perhaps you rebels will be at peace at last. And you are a rebel, Jeannette, you, you! I can hardly believe when I read that letter of yours that you are the same Jeannette that stayed with us in Paris five years ago. Why, how we talked then of the regeneration of the fatherland, and you were as anxious as any of us to do good to the poor people we saw on our way to Vincennes. Yet now you are as ferocious an aristocrat as the maddest of the emigrants at Coblenz. Your letter is like one of M. de Calonne's pamphlets, just as fierce and nearly as foolish. If a Hébertist found it, the mad Chaumette would not have much difficulty in proving it a "Royalist emblem."

Yes! We have parted far asunder in these terrible five years. Papa, who was so quiet and businesslike when you remember him, is quiet still, but he goes every day to the Revolutionary jury and every night to the Jacobins. Elizabeth, little Elizabeth, whom everybody scolded for being so giddy, was married six months ago to a member of the Convention, a young man from Arras named Le Bas. As for me, Jeannette, you will have to outlaw me: I am outside the law of the good people in La Vendée. Maximilian Robespierre is not a mere lodger in our house, though of course he pays for his little room (the one you slept in, over the workshop): he would be too proud to take anything for nothing. He is to be my husband when these troublous days are over. I am his betrothed,

and he is all the world to me. So you will see how pained I was when I read your letter and all the names you chose to call him. Can I never make you see him as I see him? I suppose I cannot, but I shall try.

It is two years and a half now since he came to live with us. It was after the massacre of the Champ de Mars, when every one was fearing reaction. He was at the Jacobins in the evening trying to encourage the patriots, and father would have him come to us for that one night, instead of wandering off to his lodgings in the Rue de Saintonge, in the Marais. I dare say you may have heard that he hid himself in fear that night. Madame Roland told her friends that she went to offer to hide him, and found him gone; but I know she never entered the Rue de Saintonge at all, and another Jacobin who came to her for shelter was told that her hotel was too exposed, and that she had no shelter to give. Indeed it was poor shelter that we had to offer him—so near the big houses in the Rue Royale, so near Fayette and his guards in the Tuileries. But it was such a pleasure to have him there that we never let him leave us, except once when he went for six weeks to his home in Arras, and once when his sister Charlotte came making mischief.

"Why was it a pleasure?" I hear you say. "Is he not the monster, the antichrist, who has ordered our priests to be imprisoned, who has murdered every one, Royalist or Girondin?"

Perhaps you would be surprised if I told you I thought him only too conscientious, so afraid to do wrong that he sometimes takes too long in making up his mind. Yet so it is. Do not think of him as a hunter of priests, for he is nothing of the sort. He does not like their impostures, of course. I remember how angry he was last time he went to Arras, when he heard them pretend to the poor country-people that they had wrought miracles on a certain townsman, though they

did not dare to mention it to his fellow-townsmen who knew that no miracle had been wrought at all. And he does not care for the trivial dogmas with which religion has been overlaid. You did not care about them either, Jeannette, in the old times; but I believe you like anything which is getting beaten, and dogmas have certainly had a very bad time of it lately. But if you put aside dogmas and impostures, just as in politics you must put aside the petty personal details which often obscure principles, in the true sense of the word there is no more religious man than Maximilian. His has always been a religious family. There is a tradition at Arras that they fled from Ireland for religion's sake two hundred years ago. Maximilian was always friendly to the Chapter of Paris when he was in the Constituent. He spoke too in favour of larger pensions for the humble clergy. He hates the very idea of the "Feast of Reason" (fancy worshipping a woman he would not even speak to!) and all the other Hébertist excesses. I myself, I could not live without religion. I remember how in the old times you and I went together one fifteenth of August to hear the beautiful singing in the chapel of the Filles d'Assomption. I remember how pious I felt at my first communion in the convent of the Conception hard by. Now I do not care so much for ceremonies or for choir-singing, often only half-articulate like the song of the birds; but I love to meditate on the God of Nature, or to hear my love speak of Him in those wonderful tones of his. Oh, if you could hear him! I sometimes fancy him a priest himself. He is to me what the priest used to be when I was a little girl. He is always proper when others are wicked, dresses so neatly when others slouch about like slovens. He has his Old Testament—Racine, Corneille, Voltaire; and his Gospel—Rousseau. He reads them to us sometimes, not as the false

priests used to drone *their* gospels that they were paid to preach, but so beautifully that in the pathetic parts we sometimes all burst into tears. He believes it all so thoroughly: he is so conscious of a mission to teach it. The crowds gather round him in the Jacobins, as round a great preacher to hear his text and his sermon. He says it so that one cannot disbelieve. Do you know I sometimes carry the thought further, and ask myself whether one so good and so pure can become a husband to me? I think he ought to be celibate as a priest? But if I told him so he would be shocked, poor man! It is contrary to the Civil Constitution of the clergy.

Then you call him cruel. I am sure I have never seen him so. When we are walking together in the Champs Elysées with his dear dog Brout following us, we sometimes sit down and the little Savoyards come trooping round, and I never saw him send them away without giving them something. And he is so kind to us all and so thoughtful. I can see your look of horror, you proselyte of La Rochejaquelin and the Chouans! You point me to the guillotine and ask me, is not that his work?

No, Jeannette, I do not think it is. I will allow just this much, that I sometimes wish he had done more to keep back the others. I fancy he does not always realize the things that are done under cover of his reputation. He thinks so much of principles that he sometimes forgets facts. I have never told him so, for when we are alone together (it is not often—every morning he is at the Committee of Public Safety, every afternoon at the Convention, every evening at the Jacobins) he always tries to escape from these terrible things and to give play to his fancy. And then he said once, *à propos* of poor Théroigne de Méricourt, that he thought the duty of a woman did not lie on the political platform. So I have never dared to speak. Yet I know he is troubled at

heart about it all. He has done his best now and again. He saved seventy-three Girondins this time last year, and he is very proud of the letter they sent to thank him for his generous opposition to the decree proposed against them. But he is not so powerful as you think him. He is thwarted on every side. In the Committee of Public Safety, Carnot, Fouché, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud - Varennes, the two Prieurs, Robert Lintot and Hérault Seychelles (Danton's man) are all against him. Barère is anybody's friend who wants flowery writing done and will pay for it. Only Couthon and St. Just are with him. With the party so divided how can he hold his own?

And for my own part I have not much pity for men who have met the fate they deserved. Least of all do I pity your Royalists: Louis Capet and his wife were the source of all our evils: she was so foolish, and he so false. Surely you do not praise the men who went to Coblenz and got the foreigners to invade France, or the others who stayed here and intrigued? And the Girondins did their best to make their own death inevitable. You do not know perhaps what a poor creature Roland was. "If you are inviting Roland," Danton said once, "you must invite Madame Roland, too, for every one knows Roland is not in sole charge of his department." And he was the best of them. Brissot was bribed. They were all mean and intriguing, and they were just as cruel as the worst of us. It was they who started the Revolutionary Tribunal. Do you remember how Isnard himself threatened Paris, this beautiful Paris, with destruction? How could they be allowed to rule when they started a mob to sing on the Boulevards, for the heads of Marat, Robespierre and Danton and all their followers?

And I sometimes think we must be drifting on to more executions. How can they live together, those incompatibles! The Hébertists,

atheists, madmen! I do not know so much about them, for father will not let me read the Père Duchesne.¹ But they are beyond the pale. And the Dantonists, what of them? There are some of them one cannot but like. There is Camille. How inimitable is he and his Lucile! Yet I will tell you a story to show you the other side of his life and his party's life. He called here one day on his way to the Jacobins and gave my sister a book to keep for him till he came back. The poor little thing opened it: imagine her horror when she found it full of filthy pictures! Even Lucile is so free with Fréron and others, that every one but Camille suspects her. And Danton himself—one trembles to speak of him—but, as St. Just asks, "Whence comes the wealth around him?" How can we regenerate the nation unless the leaders are pure? I do not know where my poor Maximilian is drifting to among them all. I do not think he knows himself. As yet he tries to shut his eyes to their divisions and to see the best side of every one. Last night in the Jacobins there was a characteristic example. Were you in the Refectory of the Jacobins when you were in Paris? I know you went to the chapel, to see the tomb of Pierre Mignard. You can imagine how often we go, now that it is the home of the patriots. We women sit in a gallery by ourselves, with a balustrade round it. It was not high enough to prevent poor Théroigne jumping over it one day, and rushing at my Maximilian who was presiding, and who hates anything unseemly. Ah! how great he is in the Jacobins! When Mirabeau presided there and tried to stop him, he rallied the patriots round him, and the great man in his turn had only his thirty voices. When he came back from Flanders they voted him unanimously to the chair. Yet last night though he was less successful, less applauded, I thought him nobler than

¹ The organ of the Hébertists.

ever before. It was a discussion on a petty quarrel—the Phillipeaux question—in which our poor friend Camille seems to have misbehaved himself. All was confusion and miserable personalities till Robespierre got up. Then he lifted them away from little things to great, and condemned the crimes of the English government and the vices of the English constitution. At first they would not listen: Goupilleau and Lachevardière got up to ventilate some grievance as to the doings in your wretched La Vendée; but at last he prevailed. He lifted them up from their squabbles to the principles they were all united on, and for the moment all went well. But how can they remain united? I often fancy they are hurrying one after another to the grave.

Can you understand now why I love him? I see him not as the cruel strong man who looks his crime in the face, but as the man of noblest purpose, purest unselfishness in the midst of danger, the most patriotic, the best.

It may be a delusion, Jeannette, but it absorbs the whole soul of

Yours ever devotedly,

ÉLÉANORE DUPLAY.

II.

RUE HONORÉ, 366,
1 *Fructidor*, An II.
[August 17, 1794.]

MY DEAR JEANNETTE,—It is over. I do not know how I can write it all, and yet I must say it or my heart will break. Within the last ten days I have lost my mother, strangled by the women of evil life in the prison of Ste. Pélagie. My sister, with the little baby at her breast, has lost her husband. I have lost mine—may I call him mine? Father, brother, even my brother-in-law, away in the Haute Loire—all have been arrested! I, too, have been arrested, lest perhaps I might wander round the prison as Lucile did. Yet I do not think it was

as terrible to be arrested as it was to be released. When I came back to this old house of ours, when I saw the empty workshop, and over it the little room where he had lived so long, I first began to realize that it was not all a dream.

Oh, that little room! How plain and simple it was! The writing-table, the straw-bottomed chairs, and the little bookcase with the books we knew so well. And then the bed with the blue damask curtains with white flowers on them, made out of an old dress of mother's. That government spares nothing: all those little things are confiscated: they are to be sold at auction in the Palais Royal. At least I have his picture, the little medallion by Collet. That I must never lose.

And then when I go to our own room and look out on the convent-gardens and see them, too, empty, I begin to realize how dreary is the world. It seems like a terrible dream, wherein ogre follows ogre, meaningless, formless, but terrible. At first we are walking as it were in pleasant pastures, or (shall I say?) as a Paul and Virginia, making for ourselves a desert island in the midst of this crowded Paris. But the shipwreck came all too soon, and the wild waves have taken the wrong one.

He had been ill at ease for months past. He saw the faction of selfish men ever growing stronger. As one after another died, he saw others start up. It seemed hopeless to make the general will prevail against the selfish individual interests. The people, to whom we looked, in whom we believed—the men of the *faubourgs*, that he was fighting for—seemed demoralized ever since Hébert's orgies. It all was hopeless. As if to gather strength for a last effort he wished to escape from it all for a while, and commune, as he said, with Nature and with me. So for three weeks he seldom went even to the Jacobins, but wandered off with me to the long walks at Versailles. I said I loved to

see those trees growing wild that had been so long clipped and made to look false like the painted ladies of the Court; but somehow he loved order so well and system that I think he would like to have had them clipped again, though clipped perhaps in a different way from the King's gardener's fashion. It was so in everything. He did not love disorder as some do. He longed to see the people build up a rule—a firm, humane rule. He was often sick at heart to see how hard it was, with war and rebellion and want on every side. Yet he never lost faith. Even on the last day, the ninth Thermidor, he went to the Convention hopeful. Father was sad and I was sad, but he would have me go to hear him conquer. And so I was in the Convention through that fatal day. I had not been there so often as I had been at the Jacobins. The meeting-place of the friends of the Constitution has been the same for three years and more. The National Assembly had changed from place to place. Somehow I never felt so much at home there—perhaps because he did not—and least of all on that last day. Oh, Jeannette! it was like hell! Tallien was in the chair, but no man kept order. St. Just arose, and with his strangely beautiful boy's face went to the tribune. The cowards would not hear him, and he stood still with his dreamy eyes on fire and his strong mouth resolute, fixed, facing them all. Tallien interposed, but not for fairness' sake. "To end the divisions of the assembly," he said—and the words remain in my ear as he hissed them out—"I demand that the veil be rent once and for all." And then the assembly roared its hoarse applause. The demons round Collot d'Herbois shouted, and the frogs of the marsh croaked. And Tallien went on and ended: "I am armed with a dagger, if the Convention has not the courage to decree the impeachment of Robespierre." Maximilian rushed to the tribune, pale, angry, but not afraid.

I think they still feared the effect of his eloquence; and lest the frogs should not croak loud enough Tallien kept sounding his bell, while my poor love went back to his place, and then again to the tribune, and again to his place. Tallien proposed the arrest of Henriot and every one likely to aid us in the city. And lastly, when they had cut off all help from him, Luchet rose to propose Robespierre's arrest. Augustine, his brave brother, was ready. He called out for leave to share his brother's death, and they did not refuse him. And young M. Le Bas, Elizabeth's husband, and Couthon and St. Just were condemned with them. M. David, the painter, cried out: "I will drink the hemlock with thee, Robespierre!" It sounded very fine, but I do not like David. He is too coarse, too loud, and not very earnest, I think. I like poor Greuze better, though no one looks at his pictures now.

Yet still the Convention seemed unable to put its vote into effect. The guards would not advance: they could not be made to do the demon's work. But quietly and sternly Maximilian arose and of his own will obeyed the Assembly. I never saw him again.

I do not know whether it all happened just as I have told it. It is all blurred in my memory already. I think I heard Collot d'Herbois, the actor, speaking, while poor mother helped me out. We were not long together before we were dragged off each to a separate prison—she for ever! I lay in prison all through the struggle in the night time, all through the tenth, when he fell. Perhaps it is as well I did not see the poor shattered body borne past our house, and the brutal women stopping to jeer at us. They kept me in prison a little longer and then turned me out: I was not worthy to die with him!

Ah! Jeannette, you do not know how black the world is now that he no longer lightens it: how meaningless Rousseau seems, when he is no

longer here to expound him: how hopeless the outlook of the fatherland now that he no longer encourages us. The soldiers may win battles perhaps, but for what? Whether we conquer or are beaten we shall be ruled without principle. Think not that the Church will be better treated now that he is gone. It was he who sometimes protected the poorer clergy. Do you fancy there is any religion in Collet d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes? They say that they will give the priests no pay at all for the future. They are atheists: they hated the feast of the Supreme Being: they are guilty of the worst executions, and not for the country's sake but to serve their private ends.

I cannot write more, Jeannette. Do you know that maxim of Nicolas

Chamfort: "Life is a long illness, from which sleep relieves us every sixteen hours: sleep may ease us: death alone can cure."

Till then, Jeannette,

Thine,

ÉLÉANORE.

Mdlle. Duplay wore mourning for Robespierre till the day of her death. Her sister, Madame Le Bas, was the mother of the historian of the later Empire. She lived to supply facts to Lamartine, which he unfortunately neglected to use. She may be said to have been the only advocate of Robespierre of any force who survived Thermidor and did not become a Thermidorean. History has been written by his enemies.

EDMUND KNOX.

CHRIS.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN one has taken up diplomacy as a profession one should surely strive to acquire at all events so much of diplomatic skill as is implied in an elementary acquaintance with the foibles of humanity; but a good many young men, it may be surmised, enter that branch of the public service rather by reason of its social advantages than because they feel in themselves any special aptitude for its duties; and if Gerald Severne should ever become an ambassador, his name is not very likely to be added to the short list of Englishmen who have achieved renown in that capacity. He ought not to have been in the least astonished at his mother's good nature in planning a match between Mr. Ellacombe and Chris Compton, and he ought to have known that the very best way of defeating such a design was to lend it every ostensible support; for really Ellacombe was an impossible sort of person when he was not upon his good behaviour, and each fresh opportunity that was given him of associating with his neighbours must diminish the probability of his being able to sustain an unnatural character.

But Gerald was not wise enough or philosophical enough to reason in this way; so he said to his mother: "You've done it this time and no mistake! Do you mean to say you really didn't know that everybody about here gave up asking Ellacombe to dinner long ago? He is just as certain to get screwed and kick up a row as you are to say your prayers to-night. More certain, if anything."

"You are a very rude boy," returned Lady Barnstaple, laughing good-humouredly: "I wish I could feel sure that you neglected your de-

votions as little as I do mine. As for Mr. Ellacombe, you mustn't allow him to get screwed, as you call it. You can easily prevent him from taking more than is good for him."

"I don't quite see how. If he wants to fill his glass, he'll fill it, I suppose; and then the chances are that he'll insult one of your guests. It would have been so simple to leave the man alone!"

But Lady Barnstaple was not alarmed. She did not think that Mr. Ellacombe would disgrace himself at her table, whatever his ordinary habits might be: she was pretty sure that he was smitten with Chris, and she saw no reason why Chris should not be smitten with him. He was young, rich, athletic, and the general effect of him was by no means so bad. A little florid, perhaps; but one must not expect to find Apollo Belvederes in every parish. And so when, on the appointed evening, Mr. Ellacombe entered her drawing-room, he produced a favourable impression upon one who was ready to be favourably impressed. "Quite tidy," she muttered under her breath, after taking a rapid survey of him; and in truth there was not much fault to be found with his person or costume.

There was not much fault to be found with his manners either. Gerald Severne was pleased to speak of him as if he had been a half-civilised being, and Chris had more charitably called him a rough diamond; but in reality he had had some experience of the ways of modern society, and only shunned that of his equals in the county because, in his opinion, they were a dull, censorious and quarrelsome lot. He was not awkward, nor was he in any way abashed by the presence of the smart people whom

Lady Barnstaple was entertaining. His hostess introduced him to some of them, and he seemed to have no difficulty in finding subjects to talk to them about. If he was not a particularly attentive listener, that was because of reasons which everybody at once understood and pardoned. The red-bearded man, they thought, was evidently going to marry Lady Barnstaple's pretty little friend: no wonder he could not take his eyes off her, and sometimes answered at random when addressed.

From the moment that dinner was announced this small shortcoming on his part ceased to be noticeable; for it need hardly be said that he was told to give his arm to Miss Compton. Gerald, whom the cruel laws of precedence forced to escort an ancient dowager, watched Chris and her neighbour from the far end of the table and was painfully surprised by the sobriety of the one and the animation of the other. Of course he did not want Ellacombe to get drunk and make a scene; but he certainly did not want Chris to find the fellow entertaining, and he was at a loss to conceive what they could be talking about that should cause her to find him so. If he had overheard their conversation he would have been in some measure reassured, for it was not of a sentimental nature.

"As you are so fond of horses and dogs," Chris was saying, "I wonder you don't try to make friends of them. It seems to me that you treat them like slaves."

"But that is just what they are," returned Ellacombe. "A horse doesn't allow you to put a bit in his mouth and get upon his back because he loves you: he submits because he is afraid of you, and fancies you are stronger than you really are."

"I should be sorry to think that," said Chris.

"You may depend upon it that it is the truth, Miss Compton; and I assure you that neither horses nor dogs dislike a master who can make them obey him."

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"And can you make all horses obey you?"

"Nine out of ten, I should say. There are a few exceptional brutes whom one has to sell."

"If I were a horse," remarked Chris, "you would have to sell me."

"Should I? Then I am glad you are not a horse; for I am sure I should prefer to keep you."

"That sounds flattering; but I shouldn't care to be your slave, or anybody's slave."

"You are in no danger, Miss Compton," returned Ellacombe, with a short sigh. "Men will be your slaves: you won't be theirs."

Chris put that aspect of the question by, and went on to insist upon her favourite theory that the lower animals ask nothing better than to serve us; and that when they fail to serve us properly it is simply because we have not the skill or the patience to make them understand what we want.

Ellacombe listened to her good-humouredly. She was talking nonsense, he thought; but her nonsense was prettily expressed, and such ideas, however intrinsically absurd, were becoming in a woman. The fact is that he had always classed women themselves among the lower animals, and had treated them precisely in the same way as he treated his horses and his dogs. In the face of what one sees every day, one cannot venture to deny that such a mode of treatment is frequently successful; but there are exceptional women, just as there are exceptional brutes, and Ellacombe had wit enough to perceive that the girl whom he had almost made up his mind to marry was not one whom it would be wise to bully.

Nor indeed, so long as he retained his wits, had he any inclination at all to be wanting in respect to her. The unfortunate thing for him was that he could not retain his wits under the influence of champagne. Gerald had been guilty of no exaggeration in asserting that the county in general had given up asking Mr. Ellacombe to

dinner. Wine affects some men in one way and some in another, and to every man's character there is, of course, a good and a bad side. Poor Ellacombe's neighbours no longer invited him to dine with them because the bad side of his character was very bad indeed, and because it displayed itself with offensive prominence when he was half-tipsy. Moreover it did not take a great many glasses of champagne to make him half-tipsy. Thus Chris became conscious of a gradual change in his manner, the cause of which she did not at all understand, but which was eminently distasteful to her.

"Come out for a ride with me some day, won't you?" said he, with something unpleasantly like a wink. "I'll take you for a jolly good gallop across the moor, and show you more of the country than you'd ever see with that beggar Severne. His notion of riding is peacocking along the high road, I expect."

"Mr. Severne rides very well: we don't generally keep to the road," answered Chris. Presently she added, "I dare say he would have no objection to your joining us some day, if you choose; but Lady Barnstaple would not allow me to ride alone with you—even if I wished it."

The misguided Ellacombe winked again, and this time his wink was unmistakable. "Don't you believe it," said he: "old Lady Barnstaple is pretty wide awake, and she'll let you ride with me just as often as you like. She's a precious deal more likely to forbid you to ride with her son, I can tell you! The old lady wasn't born yesterday—nor was I, for the matter of that. I know very well why I was asked to dine here to-night."

There was a short pause, during which Chris contemplated her neighbour with undisguised astonishment and with a vague suspicion that he had suddenly gone out of his mind. "Why were you asked to dine here, Mr. Ellacombe?" she asked at length.

He laughed rather foolishly and

made no reply. He had not drunk so much wine but that he was conscious of having said something which would have been better left unsaid; but he had drunk enough not to care. He drank a little more and was proportionately exhilarated. "What's the odds!" he exclaimed. "Let's enjoy ourselves and allow the old women to scheme and plot till they're black in the face, if it amuses 'em. Only, if they think I don't see through their little dodges as well as anybody, they make a mistake, that's all."

After that, Chris thought she would have to give Mr. Ellacombe up. She did not know that he was in a state of semi-intoxication; but she could not misunderstand his meaning and she regretted having ever imagined that such a boor could be tamed by civility. "I suppose," she reflected, "that he judges of his animals by his own feelings. He is wrong about them; but he is quite right about himself, and if I were a man I shouldn't at all mind giving him a sound horsewhipping." So she turned her shoulder towards him and talked to the elderly gentleman on her right hand, who was very willing to be so distinguished.

All this Gerald saw, and drew his own deductions. If disagreeable things happen, it is some consolation to have foretold them, and if, in spite of one's predictions, they don't happen, one is glad to have been wrong; so that it is obviously every one's wisest course to be the prophet of evil. Gerald was perhaps not quite as sorry as he ought to have been that his mother's guest had indulged too freely in champagne; but he was afraid that something rude had been said to Miss Compton, and that made him not only very sorry but very angry. Consequently, when the ladies left the dining-room he was as ready to fall foul of Ellacombe as any one in the position of a host can be.

Ellacombe, for his part, was ready and willing for the fray. He, unfortunately, was both quarrelsome and boastful in his cups, and after

having swallowed three glasses of port in quick succession, he gave a free rein to each of these evil propensities. Somebody having made an innocent remark about the Devon and Somerset staghounds, he must needs begin to narrate his experiences with that well-known pack, and give a vivid description of a perfectly impossible leap which he stated that he had taken while following them during the previous season. His anecdote was received with chilling silence; but he did not seem to be much chilled. He took a deliberate survey of his audience and found that each member of it was staring steadily at the tablecloth, with the exception of Gerald, who looked impatient and annoyed.

"It strikes me, Severne," said he, speaking with a slight thickness of utterance, yet quite distinctly, "that you don't believe that story."

"I don't know anything about it," answered Gerald shortly. "I wasn't there; and I have never, that I can remember, seen the place you mention."

"Then, my good friend, I don't see why you should doubt my word."

"No one is doubting your word. Would you mind passing the wine, Ellacombe?"

Ellacombe, after filling his glass, complied, remarking solemnly: "I can stand a man who looks supercilious at me, because I know the chances are that he's only an ass, who fancies himself without any reason; but hang me if I can stand a man who calls me a liar! That's the sort of thing," he explained, turning to his neighbour, "which nobody can be expected to stand."

Gerald took no notice of this observation. Some of his guests were sniggering behind their hands: all of them of course understood that Mr. Ellacombe was no longer responsible for his words. Nevertheless, it was not pleasant to know that this tipsy idiot would shortly be let loose upon the ladies in the drawing-room, and that there was one lady in particular beside

whom he was pretty certain to seat himself. "All I can do," thought Gerald, "is to keep an eye upon him, and remove him if he becomes intolerable."

Ellacombe had not the slightest idea that he was likely to be found intolerable by anybody. He had for a moment thought of trying to provoke an altercation with his host; but he forgot all about that when the other men rose from the table and moved towards the adjoining room. As Gerald had anticipated, he made straight for the corner where Chris was seated, talking to Lady Grace and holding Peter upon her knees. His bemused intelligence was conscious of little more than that Miss Compton was the prettiest and nicest girl he had ever seen, that old Lady Barnstaple wanted him to marry her, that he was quite inclined to oblige Lady Barnstaple, and that the best way of making love to a woman is to do so boldly. That, according to Mr. Ellacombe's experience, was what they all liked. Some of them might pretend that they didn't; but their pretences could hardly impose upon an old hand.

Lady Grace got up somewhat hastily and fled when this big, red-bearded man, whose cheeks were flushed and whose gait was not quite steady, drew near; and he dropped down at once into the chair which she had vacated. He snapped his finger and thumb at Peter, who acknowledged the salutation by bristling up and uttering a short, low growl. Then he bent forward and murmured insinuatingly to Chris, "I say, don't be cross."

Thereupon Chris also bristled up, after her fashion. "I don't know what you mean, Mr. Ellacombe," she said.

"Oh, yes, you do," he returned, with a loud laugh. "You were cross, or you thought you ought to make believe to be cross, because I asked you to ride with me. Lord bless your soul! I understand all that; and what's the good of humbugging? I like you

awfully, you know, and old Mother Barnstaple approves, and what more would you have? I'll come round and fetch you to-morrow, if that will do."

"What *is* the matter with you?" exclaimed Chris, turning an astonished and indignant pair of eyes upon him. "Are you crazy? Or do you really mean to be insolent?"

"You ain't as angry as you want me to think," retorted Ellacombe, still laughing and nodding his head knowingly. "Come, now!—shall it be to-morrow?"

He drew his chair closer to hers and laid his hand upon her knee, while he pushed his rubicund visage forward. This liberty was too much for Peter, who started up, snarling and showing every tooth in his head.

"Get out, you brute!" shouted Ellacombe, with a sweeping back-hander which caught Peter just behind the ear.

The next instant a terrier of small proportions, but some tenacity of grip, had got him securely by the forearm; and that terrier was not shaken off until Mr. Ellacombe had received one of those marks of regard which last a lifetime.

There was a little disturbance and there were some cries of alarm from the ladies; but the whole thing was very soon over, and before Ellacombe could open his lips he found himself outside in the hall, whither he had been hurried by Gerald Severne, who said: "You had better come up to my dressing-room and wash your arm. If you would like to be cauterised, I shall be very happy to do it for you." And in truth Gerald felt that he could perform that operation with the utmost satisfaction.

"Rot!" growled Ellacombe; "cauterised indeed! I've been bitten often enough before now, and never bothered my head about it. If you've got a little sticking-plaster, that's as much as I shall want of you."

In the course of about ten minutes the wound had been washed and bound

up, and Mr. Ellacombe declared himself ready to return to the drawing-room. "Infernal little beast!" he muttered, adding some stronger expressions which need not be recorded: "I'll break his head for this!"

"I shouldn't advise you to do that," answered Gerald calmly: "you might get your own head broken if you did. And look here, Ellacombe, I shouldn't advise you to go back to the drawing-room either."

"Eh? Why not?" asked Ellacombe savagely.

"Because you're drunk, my good fellow—that's why. To-morrow morning when you are sober you can take any notice you please of that; but you won't have a second chance of being impertinent to a lady to-night. I've ordered your dog-cart, and, if necessary, I can get half-a-dozen men to put you into it; but for your own sake I think you had better go quietly."

Possibly Ellacombe had been in some degree sobered by his adventure: at all events he offered no further resistance, but, after staring stupidly for a moment, made his way down stairs, muttering under his breath, was helped into his coat, and departed.

An hour later Gerald took occasion to remark to his mother: "I trust you are now convinced that Mr. Ellacombe isn't a man who can be asked to dinner with impunity."

Lady Barnstaple was rather crestfallen. "I suppose he really did take a little too much," she observed. "They all say so, though I didn't notice it myself. However, he has got badly bitten for his pains, poor man!"

"Not half as badly as he deserved. One thing, at any rate, there can be no doubt that he deserves, and that is to be shut out of your house for the future."

"Oh, my dear Gerald, there is no occasion to take such strong measures. After all, what heaps of men one knows who have been rather wild at first and

have afterwards settled down into exemplary husbands and fathers. There is the Duke of —"

"I don't care if all the dukes in England began by being sots," interrupted Gerald impatiently. "That fellow isn't fit to enter the same room with Miss Compton; and if you don't choose to warn her against him, I shall."

"Really, Gerald —"

"Really, mother, I mean it and I'll do it. She is too good and too innocent to understand the sickening code of morality which we have chosen to adopt; and unless somebody interferes to save her, Heaven only knows what she may not be talked into doing. I'd rather not, for several reasons, be the one to enlighten her, but if nobody else will, I must."

Then, all of a sudden, Lady Barnstaple perceived what she really might have perceived a little earlier. It was creditable to her wisdom that she made no comment upon her discovery, but took up her bedroom-candlestick, heaved a profound sigh, and, after wishing her son good-night, went up stairs.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was perhaps just as well for Mr. Ellacombe that he yielded to Gerald's representations and went away without showing himself again in the drawing-room; for had he done as he felt inclined, he would have met with a very unfriendly reception from Chris, whose tenderest feelings he had managed to wound by his unheard-of conduct to Peter. She had been very angry with him for his impertinence to herself, but she was furious with him for having dared to lift up his hand against her dog; and the circumstance that her dog had shown himself remarkably well able to retaliate did not, in her eyes, at all purge the offender of his guilt.

"He is an utterly detestable man, and I hope I shall never see him

again," she said to Lady Grace, who wanted to know what he had done to rouse Peter's ire.

However by the next morning she had so far forgiven him that she had ceased to think about him. Her spirits and her temper were alike excellent when she went down stairs to breakfast, and she was free from any presentiment of coming trouble. She did not even imagine that anything disagreeable was going to be said to her, when, after she had satisfied a healthy appetite, Lady Barnstaple took her affectionately by the arm and led her into the library; which shows how ignorant of women and things she must have been, for an old lady seldom takes a young one affectionately by the arm unless she means to say something very disagreeable indeed.

Lady Barnstaple began by observing that experience had taught her the folly of beating about the bush. One could not always tell the whole truth, but whenever it was possible to do so the truth ought to be told, however unpalatable it might chance to be. Otherwise complications were apt to arise which a few plain words, honestly spoken, might have averted at the outset.

Chris having signified her assent to this general proposition, the old lady cleared her throat and went on: "You know, my dear child, I take a great interest in your welfare, both for your poor father's sake and for your own, and few things would give me more sincere pleasure than to see you well and suitably married."

Chris said, "Thank you, Lady Barnstaple; but I don't think I very much want to marry anybody just yet."

"You mean of course that you would prefer to wait until you are asked. That is quite right; but what every girl ought to be cautioned against is marrying—or at least accepting—the first man who may happen to ask her."

"One is drawn into it sometimes," remarked Chris, with a sigh, thinking

of a certain quasi-engagement which she had as yet confided to nobody.

"Just so, that is exactly what I mean. Men fall desperately in love with a pretty face—you can't help knowing that yours is a pretty face, and I am only making myself the echo of your looking-glass in telling you so—I say, men fall in love with pretty faces, and they express themselves in impassioned terms, and the owners of the faces are naturally flattered, and often, unfortunately for themselves, give all that is asked of them without even considering what they are likely to receive in return. Now, my dear Chris, do you think you can trust me sufficiently to believe me when I tell you that a lover and a husband are two totally different beings? A lover may be this, that, or the other: so long as he says 'I love you' loudly enough and often enough, he will do very well for most people. But a husband, if he is to be at all satisfactory, must have other qualifications—a good temper, a good moral character, above and beyond all an ample income. It sounds prosaic, I know; but upon the whole one looks rather to prose than to poetry for a simple and straightforward statement of facts."

Chris began to laugh. "I think I understand what you mean," said she, "and it is kind of you to put me on my guard. But really there is no need. I am not going to marry Mr. Ellacombe, even if he asks me."

With an outburst of engaging candour, Lady Barnstaple confessed that her remarks had not been intended to apply to Mr. Ellacombe. Mr. Ellacombe was not perfect, but perhaps he was no worse than his neighbours, and his income, at any rate, was a good solid fact. "He offended you last night, I know; and far be it from me to fight his battles for him. I would not for the world influence your choice in any way. But, my dear, you have another admirer in this house, as I dare say you already know. I don't think I can show you any greater

kindness than by warning you, while it is still time, that Gerald can never marry you. He is of age, and he may propose to you and talk the customary nonsense about waiting until he is better off; but his father would certainly not sanction the engagement, and he can't afford to marry upon his present means. One knows how that sort of thing ends. The man gets off scot-free and the girl is cast adrift, after having been bound down to refuse all offers during two or three of the best years of her life."

There was a good deal of common sense in this speech; but feminine instinct made Chris perfectly well aware that it was prompted rather by selfishness than by benevolence. She reddened and replied—perhaps a little over-hastily—"You have no reason to be frightened, Lady Barnstaple. I dare say it would make you more comfortable to know that I am engaged already. Don't repeat it to anybody, please; but I *am* engaged in—in a sort of a way to Mr. Richardson. You remember him at Cannes?"

"That vulgar young man!" exclaimed Lady Barnstaple, really shocked. "My dear girl, you mustn't think of such a thing! But only in a sort of a way, you say. That, I suppose, means that you don't intend to marry him!"

There was a pause, during which Chris looked down at her fingers and turned round the diamond and sapphire rings which had belonged to her mother. "I don't know," she answered at length. "He was very kind to me, and he wishes it, though he said I was not to consider myself bound. I only promised that I would let him know before I engaged myself to anybody else."

"Ah, there it is!" observed Lady Barnstaple, with an intonation which expressed relief and disappointment in something like equal proportions. "Such an engagement as that is no engagement at all: one can scarcely call it even a safeguard." She added sorrowfully: "I have never wished to

get rid of Gerald before, but I wish with all my heart that his father would telegraph for him now."

Chris could not help being a little angry. There was only one thing to be done, and she was quite willing to do it; but she thought that, if ever she should be in a position to play the part of hostess, she would submit to any inconvenience or peril rather than convey such a hint to one of her guests. However she summoned up a smile and said briskly: "Wouldn't it be almost as well if I were to telegraph to Aunt Rebecca? Then I could leave by the first train to-morrow."

"Oh, my dear child," cried Lady Barnstaple, "I never meant to suggest that! As long as you can enjoy yourself and amuse yourself here, I am sure we are only too happy to keep you."

No very great display of obstinacy however was required to persuade her ladyship that, in all the circumstances, she had better allow her visitor to depart. She was grateful, she was a little ashamed, and not a little apologetic; but she did not refuse to despatch a groom with the requisite telegram to Miss Ramsden, and she breathed more freely after she had seen the man gallop away.

"You must come back to us later in the year, my dear," she said to Chris, whom she kissed affectionately on both cheeks; "and in the meantime pray do not let yourself be drawn into any further entanglement with Mr. Richardson. I can't tell you how distressed I should be if you were to throw yourself away upon such a man."

The above colloquy was held before luncheon, and during that meal Lady Barnstaple took occasion to announce the decision which had been arrived at. "Chris says she is going to run away from us to-morrow. It is too bad of her, but we must hope to tempt her back again in the autumn."

Such was the formula which commended itself to the anxious mother, and which, it may safely be asserted,

imposed upon nobody. Every one, including Gerald, understood quite well that the young lady had had a hint to go; and every one, except Gerald, who was furious, looked sorry for her—which was a hard thing to bear. The difficulty was how to get through the afternoon without giving Mr. Severne an opportunity of expressing his indignation, or any other sentiment that he may have desired to express. Lady Barnstaple, who doubtless perceived this, considerably offered to take Chris out for a drive; and a sufficiently wearisome two hours our poor heroine had of it, sitting with her back to the horses, while her hostess and another old lady discoursed about the difficulty of rearing young turkeys, and the absurd prices that people were giving for orchids, and the maladies of their respective grandchildren.

Meanwhile Gerald was taking a solitary walk and trying to make up his mind what he ought to do. His father allowed him five hundred a year and made him an occasional present of a hundred pounds, upon which modest income he had hitherto contrived to subsist and to keep out of debt. But even if Miss Compton had as much of her own—which was improbable—he would scarcely be justified in asking her to be his wife, for the diplomatic service is practically an unpaid profession. That being so, it might seem that his proper course was tolerably clear, and that he had only to abstain from asking her to be his wife; but when one is desperately in love, when one feels—as everybody must feel at such times—capable of making any personal sacrifice for the sake of the beloved object, and when one is disposed towards a humble conviction that she ought at least to be allowed a chance of displaying similar self-abnegation, it is not so easy to sit still and bow to the dictates of prudence. Thus it was that by dinner-time Mr. Severne had reached no decision, and was very willing to become the victim of circumstances.

Circumstances however did not claim him in that capacity. Chris was separated from him by something like the whole length of the dinner-table, and later in the evening she took very good care to avoid being left alone with him. A steady drizzling rain—one of those down-pours which obscure North Devon while other counties are conscious only of cloudy weather—precluded all possibility of a walk upon the terrace, and Lady Grace, by whose side Chris had seated herself, did not seem to understand the impatient signals made to her by her brother. He had to make the best of a bad business and content himself with asking whether he might call upon Miss Compton when he passed through London.

"I am afraid you would never find your way to the place where we live," she answered; and he could not get her to tell him where that was. "Besides," she added, "I am very seldom at home in the afternoon. Peter and I go out for long walks and don't return until nightfall."

Men who are in love are easily snubbed, and long before the evening was over Gerald Severne was convinced that even if he had been a millionaire there would have been no sort of hope for him. "I trust we may meet again some day, Miss Compton," was all that he could say, as he wished her good-night with a sigh.

To which she responded cheerfully: "Oh, yes, I hope we may. But I'm afraid it isn't particularly likely."

Brentstow being at some distance from a railway-station, Chris had to make an early start on the following morning. Gerald of course rose early in order to see the last of her; but he did not gain much by that, since his mother and sister had done likewise, and it was under their watchful eyes that his adieux had to be spoken. As soon as the carriage had disappeared he strode away, announcing that he was going out fishing and would not be back before the evening.

"I always thought," remarked Lady Barnstaple, as she re-entered the house, "that one required a rod, or at the very least a line, to catch fish; but no matter! If he catches nothing, we must console ourselves with the reflection that he has escaped being caught."

Although Gerald did not overhear this speech, he was almost as angry with the ladies of his family as if he had. They had treated him abominably, he thought, and he determined to see no more of them that day. But whether one's heart be whole or broken, one cannot possibly sit for more than a certain number of hours upon a rock, doing nothing and staring across the Bristol Channel; and so it came to pass that, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Lady Grace, who had ensconced herself in a hammock on the lawn and was lazily glancing at one of the weekly papers, became aware of a haggard and dejected young man, who said reproachfully: "We've always been pretty good friends up to now, Gracie: I don't know what I've done that you should turn against me like this."

Lady Grace jumped out of her hammock and protested against so unjust a charge. How, she wanted to know, could she be said to have turned against her brother when she had not even been informed of what his wishes were?

"If that's all," Gerald replied, "I can very soon tell you." And forthwith he took her unreservedly into his confidence.

Lady Grace was by no means hard-hearted. She was fond of Chris, she was devoted to her brother, and she was quite capable of enjoying a little bit of romance. But at the same time she could not deceive herself as to matters of fact, and it seemed to her that the obstacle of pounds, shillings, and pence was an insuperable one. Therefore she confined herself to expressions of sympathy, and would not say what in her heart she was inclined to believe, that, but for the aforesaid

obstacle, her brother would have had no reason to despair. So persuaded, indeed, was she that no good could come of this unlucky attachment that she even went a step farther and, in accordance with the universal feminine custom, revealed in strict confidence something which she had promised not to reveal, and which had been revealed to her by some one who had made a similar promise.

"Do you mean that she is engaged to the man?" Gerald asked, when he had been informed of the existence of Mr. Valentine Richardson.

"Well, we hope not; because he is a dissipated sort of youth, with no means and apparently no belongings. Probably her relations wouldn't let her marry him. But mamma says that she has in a manner bound herself to him, and one can only suppose that she must like him."

Gerald groaned. "If she does care for the man," said he, "I hope she will marry him, in spite of her relations and friends. At the worst, he would be better than Ellacombe."

Lady Grace was unable to agree. Mr. Ellacombe, she observed, if he had not much character, had at least money enough to support a wife, which Mr. Richardson had not; and Gerald was pointing out to her in vehement language how atrocious and ignoble a thing it is in a woman to set wealth above love, when his eloquence was interrupted by the sudden appearance upon the scene of Mr. Ellacombe in person.

Ellacombe was sober and sorry: he had ridden over in order to say so. With scarcely any preface, he made so abject an apology for his conduct that even Gerald's hard heart was softened, and his consternation on hearing that Miss Compton had gone away almost made the young diplomatist sympathise with him. "We are in the same boat," Gerald thought: "neither of us is going to win, so we needn't be jealous of one another."

"My dear fellow," he said, when

the contrite Ellacombe declared that he could not go away without having begged Lady Barnstaple's pardon, "don't bother yourself any more about it. It's all right. My mother noticed nothing, and I'm sure she would much rather you didn't speak to her upon the subject."

But Ellacombe insisted; and as, while they were talking, Lady Barnstaple came in from her drive, he hastened to the front-door and intercepted her with a very humble entreaty for a five minutes' interview.

His request was of course granted; and after he had abased himself and had been assured that, so far as his late hostess was concerned, he was fully pardoned, he ventured to inquire what chance there was of Miss Compton's proving equally generous.

"I know I made a beast of myself, and I know she thought so," he said dejectedly; "but after all, it's one of those things which might happen to anybody, isn't it?"

"I don't know," answered Lady Barnstaple; "but I must say that I shouldn't advise you to let it happen to you again in her presence."

"I give you my word of honour that I won't!" cried Ellacombe earnestly. "Lady Barnstaple, I'm sure you understand how it is with me, and that you know I'd cut off my right hand sooner than offend Miss Compton. And—and I fancy that you don't altogether disapprove of me, in spite of my having behaved so disgracefully the other night. Would you mind," he added in persuasive accents, "giving me Miss Compton's address in London?"

Lady Barnstaple stroked her chin meditatively. She still thought that it would be in every way desirable that Chris should espouse this intemperate, but penitent landed proprietor; yet she was not prepared to send him straight off to London to declare himself. If he did so he would assuredly be refused, and there was no telling what might not happen after that. So she said: "My dear Mr. Ellacombe, you

must have a little patience. You have been dreadfully indiscreet, and I am afraid you will have to suffer for your indiscretion. Later in the year—in October or November, perhaps—when we come back from Scotland, I hope to be here again for a few weeks, and I shall try and get Miss Compton to stay with us. Then—well, then you must take your chance. I need hardly tell you that she is her own mistress, and that I would on no account assume the responsibility of influencing her for or against you. Meanwhile you had better allow her a little time to forget that you were bitten by her dog. Why he bit you I'm sure I don't know; but by your own account he had some provocation. The wisest plan is to let the bite and the provocation both heal."

Ellacombe, impatient though he was, was disposed to think that there was sound sense in that counsel. He thanked Lady Barnstaple profusely and took his leave with a lightened heart.

Gerald, who saw him ride away, said to his sister: "Look here, Gracie, that fellow hasn't given up the game. I know it by the way he sits his horse. Now, if he doesn't despair, I needn't; and what I want to know is whether you mean to be upon my mother's side or mine."

"Oh, well," answered Lady Grace, laughing; "if it comes to that, I suppose I shall be upon yours. But you will have forgotten all about poor Chris before you have bagged half-a-dozen brace of grouse."

CHAPTER IX.

It was not without some soreness of spirit that Chris left her friends in Devonshire—leaving them, as she felt that she was doing, for ever. It had been kind of Lady Barnstaple to speak of having her back in the autumn; they had all been kind to her from the very first; but she did not intend to return to them. Despite their kindness, they had shown her, intentionally

or unintentionally, that she was not of their class, a fact which had never been brought home to her during her father's lifetime. If they had not said in so many words, they had at least hinted that she had made an attempt to fascinate a member of their family, and that such attempts could not be tolerated for a moment. "No," thought Chris, "I shall never see Brentstow again. If I am not their equal I would much rather not associate with them." And this was sad enough; because she had been very happy at Brentstow. When, all of a sudden, she found her eyes full of tears and brushed them impatiently away, she attributed that momentary weakness to regret at bidding a long farewell to Lady Grace and to a part of England which had taken her fancy. Assuredly she had nothing else to cry about.

Nevertheless, she would not have been inexcusable if she had wept a little out of sheer self-pity at the outlook before her. The idea of spending the early autumn in London would be appalling enough to most people: to spend that season in a dismal little house on Primrose Hill with a miserly old woman who denied herself and those about her all the comforts of civilised existence is a trial which, one would fain hope, no reader of these pages will ever be called upon to face. But Chris, who had to face it, wisely determined to do so without repining; and although it is true that her heart sank a little as she drew near the end of her journey, and the murky atmosphere of the great city became perceptible, she said to Peter, whom a civil guard had allowed her to keep with her, that they would pull through somehow.

Peter rubbed his rough head against her and raised his honest eyes, and gave her to understand that such was also his view. He did not like London—what dog does?—but he was content to be where his mistress was, which is more than can be said for the generality of human friends.

Ugly old Martha had a grin of welcome for the weary traveller, and whispered: "I'll bring you a nice cup of 'ot tea to your bedroom directly: there's nothing but a bit of cold boiled mutton for your supper down stairs."

But Martha's mistress was less gracious. "I can't understand your ways of going on, Christina," Miss Ramsden began querulously, the moment that she caught sight of her niece. "You seem to delight in shaking my nerves with telegrams. You might have sent a letter for a penny; and anybody but you would have done it. However, I suppose you can't be happy unless you are throwing away money: it's only what might have been expected."

Chris explained that her departure from Brentstow had been decided upon rather hastily.

"Why?" inquired the old lady sharply. "What need was there of haste?"

This being an awkward question to answer, Chris left it unanswered, which provoked her aunt into remarking: "You outstayed your welcome, no doubt. I can't say I am surprised at that: it isn't everybody who would put up with your caprices as I do."

What she meant it was rather difficult to understand: probably she meant nothing at all, except that she was out of temper and would like to relieve her feelings by a comfortable quarrel. But Chris, not having been brought up among women, and comprehending little of their queer ways, forbore to request an explanation from her aunt, who called her a sulky girl and went grumbling off to bed.

Miss Ramsden was always grumbling, and all the patience and forbearance in the world would have been thrown away upon her. There was nothing for it, Chris thought, but to leave her to herself as much as possible and to remain silent when she railed at imaginary slights and affronts. That was doubtless the more dignified course to adopt; but in some ways it would have been better to fight with the

stingy, ungracious old woman, to reduce her to tears (which could have been easily done) and to make friends with her again afterwards. That was what she wanted, and that would at least have produced intervals of peace and good humour. As it was, Miss Ramsden soon began to complain bitterly of her niece's neglect.

"I did think," she would say, "that when it was arranged that we should live together, I should gain something in the way of companionship in return for all the expense and inconvenience to which I have been put; but it seems that I am never to be allowed to see your face except at dinner-time."

To such reproaches Chris made no reply. She was willing to play *bésique* for an hour or two every evening, much as she abhorred that game; but to surrender her share of such fresh air as London has to give, to sit indoors every afternoon, with the blinds drawn down in order that the faded old carpets might be protected from the sunshine, was more than she could bring herself to undertake; and as she did not intend to concede that point, she held her tongue.

Every afternoon she and Peter wandered about the Regent's Park, and they soon became acquainted with every square yard of that not very extensive pleasure-ground. The weather was sultry, the grass was burnt up, the trees were blackened with the London soot: they were neither of them very happy in that brown oasis of theirs, amid the surrounding desert of bricks and mortar. After the first few days Peter did not care to roam about much in such an uninteresting place. He sat dejectedly under the trees beside his mistress, while she told him her troubles, which he seemed to understand, and which were as desperately real as the troubles of young people always are. Chris even reached the point of wishing that it were not wrong to commit suicide, and wondering why it should be. Her life was of no use to her or to anybody else: from life, as she had formerly understood

the term, she was hopelessly cut off; and she could no longer look forward, as she had done at first, to eventual escape from her present sordid surroundings. She had been given to understand that she did not belong to the upper class and could not be admitted into it, except upon sufferance. She knew nothing and was not likely to know anything of that which she supposed was her own. Even after she had attained her majority she would probably have to go on living with her aunt, since there was nobody else for her to live with. Sometimes she thought longingly of the Lavergues; but she had no claim upon them, and after all, they were old and might be dead before the day of her emancipation should arrive.

And so, having neither present nor future that could be reflected upon without wretchedness, her thoughts were naturally occupied for the most part with the past; nor was it strange that in that past the figure of Gerald Severne should fill a prominent place. She did not expect ever to see him again: he was nothing more than a memory to her, and he could not be anything less than a pleasant memory. She remembered his bright, handsome face and his manly unaffected ways, and how well they had always got on together; and occasionally—just for a moment at a time—she wondered whether, if she had been Lady Somebody Something and an heiress, instead of being what she was, it would not have been a very pleasant lot to be wooed and won by such a suitor.

Then one afternoon she had a bitter disappointment. She came in late, as usual, and as she entered the dingy little drawing-room, Miss Ramsden remarked drily: "You have missed a visitor. A Mr. Severne, who says he is a son of your friend, Lady Barnstaple's, has been here and waited a long time in hopes of seeing you; but I told him that you could never be counted upon. I asked him whether I could deliver a message for him; but he did not appear to have come upon any particular

errand, except to give you his mother's love and to mention that he was going to Scotland by to-night's mail."

Well, there was no denying that it was a disappointment. After what Lady Barnstaple had said, it was perhaps as well that she had chanced to miss Gerald; but she could not help being glad that he had not forgotten her, nor could she help wishing that she had seen him, if only for five minutes. It seemed such an age since she had exchanged a word with a sympathetic fellow-creature.

This incident had the odd and unexpected effect of making Miss Ramsden jealous. Apparently it did not strike her to regard Mr. Severne and his visit in the light in which they would have been regarded by most old women and chaperons: she saw only that her news had made Chris sad and out of spirits, and throughout the evening she bewailed herself at intervals accordingly.

"Any stranger is preferred to your nearest relations," she moaned. "You seem to be as communicative with other people as you are reticent with me; and you make complaints, I have no doubt; though what you can truthfully have to complain of I leave it to your own conscience to say. You need not deny it, Christina: I am neither blind nor deaf nor stupid, and from the way in which that young man spoke and looked this afternoon, it was very evident that he was pitying you. Well, when your aunt is no longer with you, you will perhaps be sorry for having treated her with such ingratitude."

This last phrase became a frequent one with Miss Ramsden. She was not long for this world, she would say, and doubtless the sooner she was dead and buried the better everybody would be pleased—particularly those who were likely to inherit her small savings. She did not always speak of these savings as small. Sometimes she would hint at their being considerable, and would sigh at the prospect of their being senselessly

and wickedly squandered in the course of a few years. At other times she would declare that she had next to nothing to leave; and then again that what she had would go to hospitals and charities. Chris was often tempted to retort that she would willingly resign all claim upon a doubtful future inheritance if only she might be allowed a few more present creature comforts, such as, for instance, a somewhat larger supply of clean sheets and clean table-linen; but she held her peace, knowing that no request of that kind would be granted, and that anything in the shape of a complaint would be indignantly resented.

Possibly Miss Ramsden may have been visited by an occasional qualm of conscience; for this is a phenomenon which is wont to exhibit itself in the most unexpected quarters. At any rate, she was haunted by an idea that her niece, who complained of nothing, had every inclination to make complaints, and she was greatly perturbed when Mrs. James Compton wrote to invite Chris to spend a day at Wimbledon.

"That lawyer man," said she, "is just like the rest of his tribe. He expects to get the value of a shilling for every sixpence that he lays out, and I am sure he will try to persuade you that I don't spend every penny I receive from him for taking charge of you. Well, you may tell him from me that if you are discontented it is no fault of mine. I have done my best; but I can't afford to give you champagne every night upon the pittance that he allows me. You may say what you like against me, and I have no doubt you will say a great deal, but you can't honestly assert that I haven't done all I ever undertook to do."

"I shall say nothing against you, Aunt Rebecca," answered Chris. "I don't know what you are receiving, and I shall not ask. Besides, I think you are quite mistaken about my cousin. I suspect that he is only too

glad to leave me where I am, and that if I were to say I was dissatisfied he wouldn't believe me."

But Miss Ramsden refused to be conciliated. "You speak as if you had some cause for dissatisfaction," said she. "What cause have you? If you could tell me we might perhaps get on better together."

Chris, rather foolishly, answered: "Well, if you ask the question, Aunt Rebecca, I don't think I get quite enough to eat."

It was perfectly true that she did not get nearly enough to eat, and that what she did get was often so bad of its kind as to be uneatable. But if that circumstance had to be mentioned at all, it would have been far better to mention it to Mr. Compton than to Miss Ramsden, who instantly burst out into a furious invective. "You wicked, ungrateful girl! I knew very well that you meant to traduce me, and I might have guessed that you would hit upon some accusation which cannot be disproved. The pounds and pounds that I have spent upon the butcher and poulterer since you have been here! And of course you took care to find out that I always pay ready money and have no bills to show. Well, I am rightly served! If I had had any sense I should have foreseen what your father's daughter would turn out."

Chris had an admirable temper; but it was not her way to refuse a fight when those whom she loved were attacked. As a matter of fact, she had had no great reason to love her father; but her life with him had been a happy one, and now that he was gone she very naturally thought he had been the most indulgent and considerate of parents.

"You can abuse me as much as you please, Aunt Rebecca," she returned; "but I will not allow you or anybody else to abuse my father."

"You will not allow! Do you consider that a proper and respectful way to speak to your aunt? And do you

forget that you had a mother as well as a father—a mother whose fortune your father squandered! Your father was a selfish spendthrift. He was ashamed of his wife's relations, and of his own relations, while he lived; but he was not ashamed to leave you as a burden upon them when he died. I shall not ask your permission to give my opinion about such a man as that when I choose to give it."

By this time Miss Ramsden was very angry; and so was Chris, who twice attempted to speak, and then, breaking down suddenly, burst into tears.

This was just what her aunt desired. There are people—women, for the most part—who love bullying, yet are not intentionally cruel, and will show plenty of amiability towards those whom their bullying has vanquished. Such people, if held down by a strong hand, pass through life decently enough, and, by reason of their moral cowardice, seldom commit any great sins; but if circumstances render them independent, they are apt to become a curse to humanity. Miss Ramsden, having gained her victory, would not now have been unwilling to sign a treaty of peace; but, unluckily at that moment a fresh combatant threw himself into the fray.

Peter, as has been already said, was not upon good terms with the mistress of the house. He had thought badly of her from the first, and now he saw his worst suspicions confirmed. For some minutes past he had been listening with cocked ears to her screeching, scolding voice: he had understood very well that his mistress was being assailed, and when he saw Chris sink back in her chair and cover her face with her hands, he judged that the moment had come for him to intervene. Accordingly he went straight for old Miss Ramsden's legs, whereupon a very pretty hubbub ensued. Peter was dragged off, and there was really no damage done, except to a very ancient black alpaca gown; but Aunt Rebecca had a fit of hysterics, and was subse-

quently led away to bed by Martha, who was summoned, and who slapped her on the back and applied restoratives without apparent success.

It was an unfortunate episode, and it had the effect of putting Chris in the wrong. Still she could not find it in her heart to punish Peter, who was much elated, and who, for fully ten minutes afterwards, sat nodding his head and giving little grunts, evidently saying to himself: "That's the sort of dog I am!"

It was not without some reluctance that Chris left this faithful partizan of hers in Martha's care on the following day. "I do believe," she said, "that Aunt Rebecca is capable of keeping him all day without food."

To which Martha replied, "That she is, miss, and no wonder. But he shall 'ave his dinner; though I do think you ought to 'ave give him a whipping. You naughty little creatur' you! How could you beyave so!"

But Peter, who liked Martha, knowing her to be a person of sterling qualities, rubbed himself against her and showed no signs of penitence; and so Chris departed, feeling that he was in safe hands.

She spent a long and tedious day at the Wimbledon villa which Mr. Compton had hired for the summer months. That hard-worked gentleman did not himself appear, his avocations compelling him to leave for London early in the morning and remain there until late at night. His wife was a faded, rather peevish sort of person, and his numerous daughters were colourless both in a physical and in a metaphorical sense. In the course of the afternoon Mrs. Compton said hesitatingly: "James told me to ask you whether you were comfortable with Miss Ramsden?" and seemed relieved when Chris replied: "Oh, yes, thank you; tolerably comfortable." It was evident that she had only invited her young kinswoman to pass a few hours with her because she had been ordered to do so, and that she found the hours

as long as her guest did. Chris was glad to get away from them, and registered an inward vow that she would not again trespass upon their hospitality.

It was growing dark when she reached Balacava Terrace once more, and whistled twice after the peculiar fashion which Peter knew. But Peter did not come charging out of the house with a volley of short, joyous barks, as he was wont to do on those rare occasions when he had been deserted for a time by his mistress. Only Martha stood in the doorway with an odd, scared look upon her face, and caught Chris by the arm, whispering, "Hush, miss! don't whistle for him: he can't 'ear you. The poor little dog"— She stopped short and gave a kind of gasp, which ended almost like a sob.

"What have you done with him?" asked Chris, turning pale. "Where is he?"

"Oh, miss—oh, my dear, he's dead! It was none of my doing. The Lord He knows I'd give the 'arf of what I've saved in all these years to give him back to you as you give him to me! but there! what's the good of talking? You won't forgive me, I know, nor yet I can't forgive myself. Come into the kitchen, and I'll tell you all about it."

Martha had perhaps anticipated an outburst of reproaches; if so, she had misjudged the probable effect of her news. Chris followed her into the kitchen, and sat down upon one of the wooden chairs without uttering a single word; and so she had to tell her tale unaided by any of those interrogations and interpolations which are dear to women.

Told in that way, it was the tale of a foul murder, and the case for the murderess was scarcely arguable. Miss Ramsden, it appeared, had got up in a very bad temper, and with the memory of her wrongs of the previous night strong upon her. Coming down stairs somewhat earlier than usual,

she had encountered Peter and had struck at him with her stick, whereupon he had, as she declared, flown at her and bitten her foot. Martha could not say whether this was or was not a true account of an incident which she had not witnessed, but at any rate Miss Ramsden had no wound to show. "And, my dear, I knew no more than the babe unborn what she was thinking of when she told me to get her dressed, because she was going out to the chemist's to buy some medicine; and when I see her come back, and the young man from the chemist's with her, I supposed 'twas no more than some dispute about the bill, like what she's always 'avin' with them, and that she'd brought him 'ere to show him her receipt. I was cookin' the dinner at the time, and I let Peter out o' my sight, which I never ought to 'ave done it, and the same I confess and repent of. Well, ten minutes arter that she rang for me and I went up to the doring-room—and 'twas all over. 'The pore dog was mad,' says she, 'and he 'ad to be put out o' the way. And you'd best remove the body,' says she. Well, I spoke to Miss Rebecca as I never thought I could have spoke to her; but I was that angry the words come out o' theirselves, and I believe I went so far as to give her warning, though I ain't goin' to desert her, whatever she done. And if 'tis any comfort to you to know that she's lyin' down in her bed at this moment, shakin' all over with fright——"

"Where is he?" interrupted Chris quietly.

Martha led the way into the scullery, where poor Peter lay, stiff and stark, his joys and sorrows ended for ever, and those soft, loving eyes of his, in which his mistress had so often read as much as any human tongue can speak, dull and glazed. Chris bent over him and kissed his curly head. Then, "Martha," said she, "have you a spade? I want to bury him, and there is no time to be lost."

Martha had no spade, but she had a shovel and a pick which she used for breaking coal; and with those implements a grave was soon dug in the back-garden in which Peter's body was laid. When the work, which had been accomplished in silence, was completed, Chris knelt down and kissed her dead friend once more.

"Good-bye, dear, dear Peter!" she whispered. "You were always good and true; and I believe we shall meet again, in spite of what people say. If there is a heaven for Aunt Rebecca, there must be a heaven for dogs."

"Indeed, I think so too, my dear,"

sobbed Martha, casting orthodoxy to the winds. "And oh, if you could forgive the pore old missus! I believe she was frightened of the dog, and I do believe she's sorry now—yes, that I do!"

"It makes no difference," answered Chris coldly, "whether she is sorry or not. I will never forgive her, and I will never, if I can help it, see her or speak to her again."

The girl's face was so pale and stern that Martha could only weep feebly and murmur: "Oh dear, oh dear! what ever shall we do!"

(To be continued.)

